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William Shakespeare

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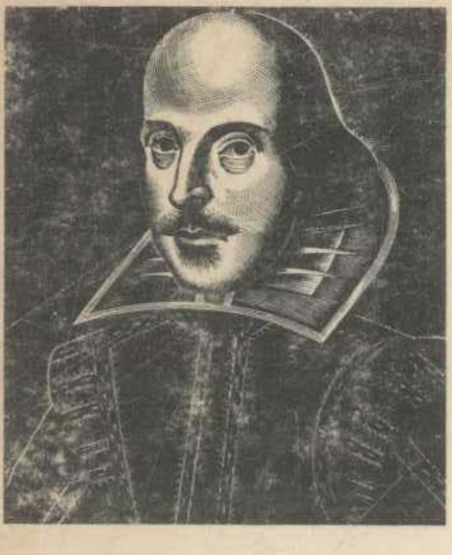
1564
1616

HENRY IV
PART II

Zoë Girling, *Introduction* / Lucy M. Fitzpatrick, *Notes*

William Shak



TO THE

THIS FIGURE, THAT THOU HERE SEEST
IT WAS FOR GENTLE SHAKESPEARE CUT;
WHEREIN THE GRAVER HAD A STRIFE
WITH NATURE, TO OUT-DO THE LIFE:
O, COULD HE BUT HAVE DRAWN HIS WIT
AS WELL IN BRASS, AS HE HATH HIT
HIS FACE; THE PRINT WOULD THEN SURPASS
ALL, THAT WAS EVER WRIT IN BRASS.
BUT, SINCE HE CANNOT, READER, LOOK,
NOT ON HIS PICTURE, BUT HIS BOOK.
BEN: JONSON.

The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man and nature. Without denying man's need for Grace, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet*:

> *"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!*
> *how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how*
> *express and admirable! in action how like an angel!*
> *in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world!*
> *the paragon of animals!"*

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge, and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

Edited with Introduction and Suggestions for Study by Zoë Girling

Notes Edited by Lucy Mabry Fitzpatrick

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AIRMONT SHAKESPEARE CLASSIC SERIES

HENRY THE FOURTH

Part Two

By

William Shakespeare

General Introduction by Dr. David G. Pitt

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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

William Shakespeare: His Life, Times, and Theatre

HIS LIFE

The world's greatest poet and playwright, often called the greatest Englishman, was born in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, in the year 1564. The exact date of his birth is uncertain, but an entry in the *Stratford Parish Register* gives his baptismal date as April 26. Since children were usually baptized two or three days after birth, it is reasonable to assume that he was born on or about April 23—an appropriate day, being the feast of St. George, the patron saint of England.

His father, John Shakespeare, was a glover and dealer in wool and farm products, who had moved to Stratford from Snitterfield, four miles distant, some time before 1552. During his early years in Stratford his business prospered, enabling him to acquire substantial property, including several houses, and to take his place among the more considerable citizens of the town. In 1557 he married Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, a wealthy landowner of Wilmcote, not far from Stratford. Two daughters were born to them before William's birth—Joan, baptized in 1558, and Margaret, baptized in 1562—but both died in infancy. William was thus their third child, though the eldest of those who survived infancy. After him were born Gilbert (1566), another Joan (1569), Anne (1571), Richard (1574), and Edmund (1580).

Very little is positively known (though much is conjectured) about Shakespeare's boyhood and education. We know that for some years after William's birth his father's rise in Stratford society and municipal affairs continued. Many local offices came to him in rapid succession: ale-taster, burgess (a kind of constable), assessor of fines, chamberlain (town treasurer), high bailiff (a kind of magistrate), alderman (town councilor), and chief alderman in 1571. As the son of a man of such eminence in Stratford, Shakespeare undoubtedly attended the local Grammar School. This he was entitled to do free of charge, his father being a town councilor. No records of the school are extant, so that we do not know how good a pupil he was, nor what subjects he studied. It is probable that he covered the usual Elizabethan curriculum: an "A B C book," the catechism in Latin and English, Latin grammar, the translation of Latin authors, and perhaps some Greek grammar and translation as well. But family circumstances appear to have curtailed his formal education before it was complete, for shortly before William reached his fourteenth birthday his father's rising fortunes abruptly passed their zenith.

Although we do not know all the facts, it is apparent that about the year 1578, having gone heavily into debt, John Shakespeare lost two large farms inherited by his wife from her father. Thereafter, he was involved in a series of lawsuits, and lost his post on the Stratford town council. Matters got steadily worse for him, until finally in 1586 he was declared a bankrupt. But by this time the future poet-dramatist was already a family man himself.

In 1582, in the midst of his father's legal and financial crises—and perhaps because of them—Shakespeare married Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway (recently deceased) of the village of Shottery near Stratford. The *Episcopal Register* for the Diocese of Worcester contains their marriage record, dated November 28, 1582; he was then in his eighteenth year and his wife in her twenty-sixth. On May 26 of the following year the *Stratford Parish Register* recorded the baptism of their first child, Susanna; and on February 2, 1585, the baptism of a twin son and daughter named Hamnet and Judith.

These facts are all that are known of Shakespeare's early life. How he supported his family, whether he took up some trade or profession, how long he continued to live in Stratford, we do not know for certain. Tradition and conjecture have bestowed on him many interim occupations between his marriage and his appearance in London in the early fifteen-nineties: printer, dyer, traveling-player, butcher, soldier, apothecary, thief—it reads like a children's augury-rhyme (when buttons or cherry-stones are read to learn one's fate).

Perhaps only the last-named "pursuit" requires some explanation. According to several accounts, one of them appearing in the first *Life* of Shakespeare by Nicholas Rowe (1709), Shakespeare fell into bad company sometimes after his marriage, and on several occasions stole deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, a substantial gentleman of Charlecote, near Stratford. According to Rowe:

> For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him . . . and was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire, for some time, and shelter himself in London.

The story has been repeated in varying forms by most subsequent biographers, but its authenticity is doubted by many who repeat it.

Another much more attractive story, which, however, if true, does not necessarily deny the authenticity of Rowe's, is that Shakespeare during the so-called "lost years" was a schoolmaster. This, indeed, appears to be somewhat better substantiated. John Aubrey, seventeenth-century biographer and antiquary, in his *Brief Lives* (1681) declares that he had learned from a theatrical manager, whose father had known Shakespeare, that the dramatist "had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." This may, then, account, in part at least, for the years between his marriage and his arrival in London about the year 1591. It is interesting to note that in two of his early plays Shakespeare includes a schoolmaster among his characters: Holofernes of *Love's Labour's Lost* and Pinch of *The Comedy of Errors*. But let us hope that neither is intended to be Shakespeare's portrait of himself!

However he may have occupied himself in the interim, we know that by 1592 he was already a budding actor and playwright in London. In that year Robert Greene in his autobiographical pamphlet *A Groatsworth of Wit*, referring to the young actors and menders of old plays who were, it seemed to him, gaining undeserved glory from the labours of their betters (both by acting their plays and by rewriting them), wrote as follows:

> Yes trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde, supposes he is as well able to bombast out blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes factotum,* is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrey.

"Shakescene" is clearly Shakespeare. The phrase "upstart Crow" probably refers to his country origins and his lack of university education. "Beautified with our feathers" probably means that he uses the other playwrights' words for his own aggrandisement either in plays in which he acts or in those he writes himself. "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hyde" is a parody of a line in III *Henry VI*, one of the earliest plays ascribed to Shakespeare. And the Latin phrase *Johannes factotum,* meaning Jack-of-all-trades, suggests that he was at this time engaged in all sorts of theatrical jobs: actor, poet, playwright, and perhaps manager as well.

Greene died shortly after making this scurrilous attack on the young upstart from Stratford, and so escaped the resentment of those he had insulted. But Henry Chettle, himself a minor dramatist, who had prepared Greene's manuscript for the printer, in his *Kind-Harts Dreame* (1592), apologized to Shakespeare for his share in the offence:

> I am as sory as if the original fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he excelent in the qualitie he professes: Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art.

Thus, in very indirect manner and because of an attack upon him by an irascible dying man, we learn that Shakespeare at this time was in fact held in high regard by "divers of worship," that is, by many of high birth, as an upright, honest young man of pleasant manners and manifest skill as actor, poet, and playwright.

Although Shakespeare by 1593 had written, or written parts of, some five or six plays (I, II, and III *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *The Comedy of Errors*, and perhaps *Titus Andronicus*), it was as a non-dramatic poet that he first appeared in print. *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, long narrative poems, both bearing Shakespeare's name, were published in 1593 and 1594 respectively. But thereafter for the next twenty years he wrote almost nothing but drama. In his early period, 1591 to 1596, in addition to the plays named above, he wrote *Love's Labour's Lost, The Taming of the Shrew, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Romeo and Juliet, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Richard II,* and *King John.* Then followed his great middle period, 1596 to 1600, during which he wrote both comedies and history-plays: *The Merchant of Venice,* I and II *Henry IV, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Much Ado about Nothing, Henry V, Julius Caesar, As You Like It,* and *Twelfth Night.* The period of his great tragedies and the so-called "dark comedies" followed (1600-1608): *Hamlet, Troilus and Cressida, All's Well that Ends Well, Measure for Measure, Othello, King Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Timon of Athens,* and *Coriolanus.* The last phase of his career as dramatist, 1608 to 1613, sometimes called "the period of the romances," produced *Pericles, Prince of Tyre, Cymbeline, The Winter's Tale, The Tempest,* parts of *Henry VIII,* and perhaps parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* Many other plays were ascribed to him, but it is doubtful that he had a hand in any but those we have named. Long before his death in 1616 his name held such magic for the public that merely to print it on the title page of any play assured its popular acclaim. The "upstart Crow" had come a long way since 1592.

He had come a long way, too, from the economic straits that may well have driven him to London many years before. We know, for example, from the records of tax assessments that by 1596 Shakespeare was already fairly well-to-do. This is further borne out by his purchasing in the following year a substantial house known as New Place and an acre of land in Stratford for £60, a sizable sum in those days. In 1602 he made a further purchase of 107 acres at Stratford for £320, and a cottage and more land behind his estate at New Place. But his life during this time was not quite unclouded. His only son, Hamnet, died in 1596 at the age of eleven years, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. All three were buried in Stratford. More happily he saw, in 1607, the marriage of his daughter Susanna to Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of Stratford, and, in the following year, the baptism of his granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall.

Shakespeare's retirement to Stratford appears to have been gradual, but by 1613, if not earlier, he seems to have settled there, though he still went up to London occasionally. Of the last months of his life we know little. We do know that in February, 1616, his second daughter, Judith, married Thomas Quiney. We know that on March 25, apparently already ill, Shakespeare revised and signed his will, among other bequests leaving to his wife his "second best bed with the furniture." A month later he was dead, dying on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616. He was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, Stratford, on April 26.

HIS TIMES

Shakespeare lived during the English Renaissance, that age of transition that links the Mediaeval and the Modern world. Inheriting the rich traditions of the Middle Ages in art, learning, religion, and politics, rediscovering the great legacies of classical culture, the men of the Renaissance went on to new and magnificent achievements in every phase of human endeavour. No other period in history saw such varied and prolific development and expansion. And the reign of Elizabeth I (1558-1603), Shakespeare's age, was the High Renaissance in England.

Development and expansion—these are the watchwords of the age, and they apply to every aspect of life, thought, and activity. The universe grew in immensity as men gradually abandoned the old Ptolemaic view of a finite, earth-centered universe, accepting the enormous intellectual challenge of the illimitable cosmos of Copernicus's theory and Galileo's telescope. The earth enlarged, too, as more of its surface was discovered and charted by explorers following the lead of Columbus, Cabot, Magellan, and Vespucci. England itself expanded as explorers and colonizers, such as Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert, Raleigh, Grenville, Drake, and others, carried the English flag into many distant lands and seas; as English trade and commerce expanded with the opening of new markets and new sources of supply; as English sea power grew to protect the trading routes and fend off rivals, particularly Spain, the defeat of whose Invincible Armada in 1588 greatly advanced English national pride at home, and power and prestige abroad.

The world of ideas changed and expanded, too. The rediscovery and reinterpretation of the classics, with their broad and humane view of life, gave a new direction and impetus to secular education. During the Middle Ages theology had dominated education, but now the language, literature, and philosophy of the ancient world, the practical arts of grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and training in morals, manners, and gymnastics assumed the major roles in both school and university—in other words, an education that fitted one for life in the world here and now replaced one that looked rather to the life hereafter. Not that the spiritual culture of man was neglected. Indeed, it took on a new significance, for as life in this world acquired new meaning and value, religion assumed new functions, and new vitality to perform them, as the bond between the Creator and a new kind of creation.

It was, of course, the old creation—man and nature—but it was undergoing great changes. Some of these we have already seen, but the greatest was in man's conception of himself and his place in nature. The Mediaeval view of man was generally not an exalted one. It saw him as more or less depraved, fallen from Grace as a result of Adam's sin; and the things of this world, which was also "fallen," as of little value in terms of his salvation. Natural life was thought of mainly as a preparation for man's entry into Eternity. But Renaissance thought soon began to rehabilitate man, nature, and the things of this life. Without denying man's need for Grace and the value of the means of salvation provided by the Church, men came gradually to accept the idea that there were "goods," values, "innocent delights" to be had in the world here and now, and that God had given them for man to enjoy. Man himself was seen no longer as wholly vile and depraved, incapable even of desiring goodness, but rather as Shakespeare saw him in *Hamlet:*

> What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

And this is the conception of man that permeates Elizabethan thought and literature. It does not mean that man is incorruptible, immune to moral weakness and folly. Shakespeare has his villains, cowards, and fools. But man is none of these by nature; they are distortions of the true form of man. Nature framed him for greatness, endowed him with vast capacities for knowledge, achievement, and delight, and with aspirations that may take him to the stars. "O brave new world, That has such people in 't!"

The chief object of man's aspiring mind is now the natural world, whose "wondrous architecture," says Marlowe's Tamburlaine, our souls strive ceaselessly to comprehend, "Still climbing after knowledge infinite." Hamlet, too, speaks of "this goodly frame, the earth . . . this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." No longer the ruins of a fallen paradise and the devil's, nature is seen as man's to possess, her beauty and wonder to be sought after and enjoyed, her energies to be controlled and used—as Bacon expressed it, "for the glory of the Creator and the relief of man's estate."

It was, indeed, a very stirring time to be alive in. New vistas were breaking upon the human mind and imagination everywhere. It was a time like spring, when promise, opportunity, challenge and growth appeared where none had been dreamed of before. Perhaps this is why there is so much poetry of springtime in the age of Shakespeare.

HIS THEATRE

There were many theatres, or playhouses, in Shakespeare's London. The first was built in 1576 by James Burbage and was called the *Theatre*. It was built like an arena, with a movable platform at one end, and had no seats in the pit, but had benches in the galleries that surrounded it. It was built of wood, and cost about £200. Other famous playhouses of Shakespeare's time, for the most part similarly constructed, included the Curtain, the Bull, the Rose, the Swan, the Fortune, and, most famous of them all, the Globe. It was built in 1599 by the sons of James Burbage, and it was here that most of Shakespeare's plays were performed. Since more is known about the Globe than most of the others, I shall use it as the basis of the brief account that follows of the Elizabethan playhouse.

As its name suggests, the Globe was a circular structure (the second Globe, built in 1614 after the first burned down, was octagonal), and was open to the sky, somewhat like a modern football or baseball stadium, though much smaller. It had three tiers of galleries surrounding the central "yard" or pit, and a narrow roof over the top gallery. But most interesting from our viewpoint was the stage—or rather *stages*—which was very different from that of most modern theatres. These have the familiar "picture-frame" stage: a raised platform at one end of the auditorium, framed by curtains and footlights, and viewed only from the front like a picture. Shakespeare's stage was very different.

The main stage, or *apron* as it was called, jutted well out into the pit, and did not extend all the way across from side to side. There was an area on either side for patrons to sit or stand in, so that actors performing on the apron could be viewed from three sides instead of one. In addition there was an inner stage, a narrow rectangular recess let into the wall behind the main stage. When not in use it could be closed by a curtain drawn across in front; when open it could be used for interior scenes, arbor scenes, tomb and anteroom scenes and the like. On either side of this inner stage were doors through which the main stage was entered. Besides the inner and outer stages there were no fewer than four other areas where the action of the play, or parts of it, might be performed. Immediately above the inner stage, and corresponding to it in size and shape, was another room with its front exposed. This was the upper stage, and was used for upstairs scenes, or for storage when not otherwise in use. In front of this was a narrow railed gallery, which could be used for balcony scenes, or ones requiring the walls of a castle or the ramparts of a fortress. On either side of it and on the same level was a window-stage, so-called because it consisted of a small balcony enclosed by windows that opened on hinges. This permitted actors to stand inside and speak from the open windows to others on the main stage below. In all it was a very versatile multiple stage and gave the dramatist and producer much more freedom in staging than most modern theatres afford. It is interesting to note that some of the new theatres today have revived certain of the features of the Elizabethan stage.

Very little in the way of scenery and backdrops was used. The dramatist's words and the imagination of the audience supplied the lack of scenery. No special lighting effects were possible since plays were performed in the daylight that streamed in through the unroofed top of the three-tiered enclosure that was the playhouse. Usually a few standard stage-props were on hand: trestles and boards to form a table, benches and chairs, flagons, an altar, artificial trees, weapons, a man's severed head, and a few other items. Costumes were usually elaborate and gorgeous, though no attempt was made to reproduce the dress of the time and place portrayed in the play.

Play production in Shakespeare's time was clearly very different from that of ours, but we need have no doubts about the audience's response to what they saw and heard on stage. They came, they saw, and the dramatist conquered, for they kept coming back for more and more. And despite the opposition that the theatre encountered from Puritans and others, who thought it the instrument of Satan, the theatre in Shakespeare's time flourished as one of the supreme glories of a glorious age.

—DAVID G. PITT
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Newfoundland.*

INTRODUCTION TO
HENRY IV, Part Two

"The king without a flaw," "the mirror of all Christian kings": this to Shakespeare and his contemporaries was Henry V of England. The reformation of Harry Monmouth, the "madcap" Prince of Wales, into a hero-king is the subject of the two parts of Shakespeare's *Henry IV* (1597 and 1598). Each part can be read or acted without the other, for each presents its own distinct and complete version of this theme. But the two extend and complement each other, and in Part II a knowledge of Part I seems to be assumed from time to time.

How fully Part II was premeditated by Shakespeare while he wrote Part I cannot be known, though the question raises fascinating topics for scholarly discussion. It is a sequel to its predecessor in its handling of the relationship between Henry IV and his scapegrace eldest son, and especially in its exploitation of the instant and enormous popularity of that richest of all Shakespearean characters, Sir John Falstaff. In each of these respects it is a sequel with a difference. Falstaff figures even more largely in Part II than Part I, while for much of the action of Part II the Prince remains in the shadows offstage; thus the balance of the second play is quite altered from that of the first. The great fact of Falstaff is a reminder that if Shakespeare was writing history, he was writing drama first. Falstaff's exploits, military and domestic, form no part of chronicle. Other writers had put comedy and history together before, but the seeming naturalness with which Falstaff is connected with the main narrative was a new achievement of the imagination. Falstaff's fictional yet central part in the historical plays suggests something about the nature of the interest in national history so evident in the last decades of Elizabeth's reign: an indifference to mere accuracy, a concern with universals, rather than the minute particulars of a bygone time.

The *Henry IV* plays and *Henry V*, which was written soon after, complete the account of the rise of the Lancastrian kings which Shakespeare had begun with *Richard II*, in which he depicted the rise to power of the usurping Bolingbroke who became Henry IV. To read the four plays as a sequence is to gain an invaluable insight into the governing beliefs of the Elizabethans, especially on the subject of kingship. Tudor subjects recognized that the king alone held the country together; and in a grateful England, the peace which the Tudors had established was maintained, as the eminent historian G. M. Trevelyan puts it, by "king-worship, not despotism. . . . English king-worship was the secret of a family and spirit of an age."

The sources from which Shakespeare drew the material for his English Histories are themselves Tudor documents. Prime in importance is Edward Hall's chronicle, *The Union of the Noble and Illustre Famelies of Lancastre and York* (1542). This provided the basis not only for Shakespeare's chief source, Rafael Holinshed's *The Chronicles of England* (2nd ed. 1587), but also, more and less directly, for other imaginative works contemporary with Shakespeare's, such as Christopher Marlowe's play, *Edward II*, and Samuel Daniel's long poem, *The Civil Wars Between the Two Houses of Lancaster and York*. Similar material is used, too, in a mainly comic play of the late 1580's, *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, which suggests some passages of Shakespeare's *Henry IV*. It is no wonder that in Shakespeare's plays on the Lancastrians, the themes of rebellion and the nature of the ideal ruler are treated from an Elizabethan, not a fifteenth-century, point of view, and that the person of the king is of such importance.

The Political Themes of Henry IV, Part II: the Rebellion and the Succession.

Rumour indicates, in his Prologue to the play, that we are in the indecisive middle of an important action. Prince Harry has gained a royal victory at Shrewsbury, and slain Hotspur, the most gallant warrior of the rebel cause, though in contemptuous jest he allows Falstaff to take the credit. Yet unrest and "covert enmity" persist in the country. We see Northumberland buoyed up by the false report of rebel victory, then crushed by the terrible news of his son's death. Then we hear about a new spurt of the rebellion inspired by the hostility of the Archbishop of York. Before fresh fighting breaks out, the Archbishop and his allies are tricked into surrender by Prince John, and news of the crushing of the last rebels in other parts of the country is brought to the king. By the end of Act IV, all the anxieties introduced by Rumour are at last quieted.

The good news, ironically, precipitates the death of the king. We have first seen Henry IV in Act III, already sick and careworn. He is convinced that the "disease" of his kingdom results from his criminal complicity in the murder of Richard II, and that the grievances of the rebel lords spring from the faction and jealousies that followed his own act of usurpation. He repeats the wish he had already uttered in Part I to make a pilgrimage of expiation to the Holy Land; but the state of his kingdom is always too precarious to permit his absence. When at last he hears that the rebellion is over, it is too late, his last illness is upon him.

Shakespeare has adapted the facts of chronicle to his own dramatic purpose, making the separate uprisings of Henry IV's thirteen-year reign appear a more or less continuous state, symptomatic of the troubled reign of an unhappy ruler. The Archbishop's enmity is especially weighty because it carries the authority of his office; his presence among the rebels "turns insurrection to religion," and his lament for "royal Richard" emphasizes the guilt that haunts the king. Nevertheless, rebellion cannot be condoned. Its abhorrence is acknowledged even by the rebels themselves (see, for instance, I, i), and the King's plain duty is to bring to an end "this debate that bleedeth at our doors." The audience, though it may be momentarily shocked by the callousness of the trick played by Prince John, must be thankful that the war is concluded.

The other main "action" of the play concerns the crown itself, and the fitness of the successor. In Part I, Henry IV had despairingly contrasted Harry Hotspur, the chivalrous and warlike son of his enemy, with his own Harry, bent upon a career of revelry and riot with Falstaff and other "low" companions. The Prince's valor at Shrewsbury reversed this opinion. Nevertheless, in Part II, Prince Hal's old reputation still lingers, and the image of the unrepentant, carefree heir apparent is dramatically important. It contributes to the prevailing sense of the uncertainty of the times, and to the King's burden of anxieties. Above all, it provides the basis for the great dramatic turn of the play, the "conversion" of the Prodigal Prince.

In his first appearance, in Act II, Hal shows just enough of his endearing weakness for small beer and lively company to give color to his later transformation. He is seen, as of old, with Pointz, whom "for fault of a better" he calls his friend, and briefly, with Falstaff and the other inmates of the "old frank" (sty), the Boar's Head. But while his companions believe that he is still one of them, the Prince makes it quite clear to those with ears to hear that he is merely abiding his opportunity to show the world his true self.

The King and the Prince are not brought together until the King, almost upon his deathbed, asks for his son. He hears that he is dining in London "with Pointz and other his continual followers." This revives all the old fears of the father that his son will not be equal to the burden of office, and he cries:

> . . . therefore my grief
> Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

When the Prince arrives, the King is asleep, his crown on the pillow. Young Henry takes up the crown, thinking his father dead. This mistake provokes the last anguished misunderstanding between royal father and errant son. King Henry, waking, reproaches, then bitterly accuses his son, and ends his speech in lament and despair. His passion makes the mercy of the explanation and reconciliation that follow the more beautiful, and moving. Having set his house in order, Henry IV, Bolingbroke the usurper, can at last seek out "the Jerusalem chamber," there to die in peace. What kind of king will Henry V be?

Falstaff, and Falstaff's England.

Any attempt to describe the scope of *Henry IV,* Part II must indicate the preponderance of the comic elements, and in particular of that impudent old soldier of fortune, Sir John Falstaff. From his first entry followed by his diminutive page, "like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one," he and his enormous belly are substantial advocates of a clamorous life of the flesh that is far removed from the high concerns of policy. Falstaff directs our attention to an aspect of reality which Shakespeare expressed in prose, and which rapidly gains substance as Falstaff is joined, in succeeding scenes, by characters from the tavern, and the streets, and even the rural fastnesses of Gloucestershire.

In his first scene, placed somewhere in the low haunts of Eastcheap, Falstaff comes face to face with the man in all London he least wishes to meet, the Lord Chief Justice. Every trick of evasion proves vain. The voice of Authority proclaims that Falstaff is lucky to have got away with his previous lawbreaking exploits, and that only his (false) reputation from Shrewsbury and his present commission to join Prince John's force against the rebels give him provisional impunity. When it comes to reproof, however, his Lordship might have saved his breath; it bounces harmlessly off Falstaff's insubordinate love of a pun, even a poor one, that rubs in the fact of his girth, and the joys of eating and drinking:

> JUSTICE: There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.
> FALSTAFF: His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy . . .

The Chief Justice's weightiest accusation, that Falstaff misleads the young Prince, gets an even more disrespectful response. Falstaff turns defense into an impertinent offensive, arousing memories of a most uncomfortable incident:

> For the box of th'ear that the Prince gave you. . . . I have checkt him . . . and the young lion repents,—marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Decorum is turned inside out; yet who cares, when by the end of the scene Falstaff's wit and good humor have so infected his Lordship that he parts with a pun himself?

The Boar's Head Tavern is the precinct where the proprieties are most consistently ignored, or flouted. Dame Quickly, the Hostess, and Doll Tearsheet, the prostitute, exist indeed by gratifying desires on the crudest physical level. The Hostess, despite her professed qualms about noise and "swaggerers," opens her doors to Pistol, who contributes to an evening's revelry his act of ranting profanity (to the special joy, it seems, of the Elizabethan audiences, for "the humours of Pistol" figure on the title page of the Quarto edition of the play printed in 1600). The censor is excluded, and no Lenten observance is allowed to impede the hospitality which releases the wit and the laughter.

If there is a price to be paid for all this indulgence, Falstaff is not the man to foot bills. The Hostess complains to the Lord Chief Justice, "He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his." (II, i, p. 34). Her case against Falstaff typifies the accusations that may be brought against him on moral, as well as legal grounds. Dr. Johnson's judgment is hard to refute:

> He is a thief, and a glutton, a coward, and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous and insult the defenceless.

Yet in this instance it costs Falstaff only a lifting of the finger to get the plaintiff to withdraw her action. One speech swelling with his inimitable exuberance overwhelms all considerations of prudence; he is coming to supper, and the feast will be provided. Thus the Hostess, indeed all of Eastcheap, is conquered by the promise of his company.

The wars provide an opportunity to carry his conquests further afield. Falstaff's recruiting gives Shakespeare scope to evoke an England outside London, and beyond the walls of palaces and castle keeps, an England of husbanded fields and pastures, with orchards full of pippins and country people as indigenous to the countryside as English oak. The humor of the scenes at Justice Shallow's is sharpened occasionally to a satirical edge through the medium of Falstaff himself, who here appears at his shrewdest and least sentimental—he is, after all, on important business, not only to the King, but also to his own bottomless purse. But there is a prevailing tolerance in the presentation of country innocence and frailty that springs from Shakespeare's delight in the rich and various comicality of the world. He has as much pity for frightened, roaring Bullcalf:

> In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go [to the wars]; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends . . . (III, ii, p. 83)

as for little Feeble, the woman's tailor, who usurps the most heroic moment of the play:

> By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince. (III, ii, p. 83)

Shakespeare's humor indulges those country justices, Silence and Shallow, wishfully reminiscing about days that never were, even while it mocks their gullibility, and their parody of just administration.

Shallow takes his turn to become a supplicant for Falstaff's expensive favor. From the beginning of the play, all conditions of men and women—the tiny page, Doll Tearsheet, even the dead Hotspur—have become the victims (or accomplices) of Falstaff's arrogant deceptions. Whatever happens to the fat knight, the audience relies on seeing him again in the next play, as the Dancer's epilogue promises. This promise Shakespeare kept ambiguously by presenting him, not in *Henry V*, but as another incarnation in *The Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The Rejection of Falstaff, and the Definition of a King

It would be an unfeeling audience indeed that was not shaken by the speech, near the end of the play, when the newly crowned Henry V turns away his old companion. Falstaff, wild with joy at the news of his Prince's accession to the throne, has sped to London and stands in the street, all confident expectation, waiting to greet the King. Instead of reciprocal affection and recognition in the moment of meeting, what falls upon his incredulous ear is the heart-chilling voice of Judgment, conveying sentence of dismissal:

> I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
> I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
> So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
> But, being awaked, I do despise my dream . . . (V, v, p. 151)

Falstaff is banished "on pain of death . . . Not to come near our person by ten mile." The promise of a pension, "That lack of means enforce you not to evil," though generous, is scarcely intended to mitigate the severity of the doom. For a moment at least, the audience must share Falstaff's bewilderment; as we feel the impact of Harry's words, we measure our own as well as Falstaff's distance from royalty. Did Harry ever look like this before? Did he ever hint that this was in him to do? The answer is plainer to us than to Falstaff: Harry was never King before. The moment for looking and acting like this has only now fallen due.

There is, of course, no question of Falstaff's deserts. If the King, in a way, has cheated his expectation, what has he himself been up to all through the play? His latest dupe, Shallow, stands beside him at this moment, a thousand pounds the poorer for renewing his acquaintance. Worst of all, Falstaff has thought that he can manipulate the King. His lack of reverence finally disables him from comprehending majesty, and its grace. His wit, which penetrates much, stops short at the Prince's disguise, which he has never seen through. On the contrary, he believes, to this very last minute, what he proclaimed as he sent his men to "take any man's horses" to get him to London: "the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!" (V, iii, p. 147)

The major business of Act V is Henry V's emergence from his old "character." He must "raze out/Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down/After my seeming." He has shown his father, now he must show "the incredulous world/The noble change that [he has] purposed." Immediately after the old King's death, "the expectation of the world" is expressed by Harry's brothers and the Lord Chief Justice, who all anticipate their own disgrace and casting off in the triumph of that misrule which Falstaff represents. The first, plain words of Henry V convey an eloquent reassurance. He expresses his understanding of the obligations and the honor he inherits by contrasting himself with the fratricidal Turkish ruler:

> This is the English, not the Turkish court;
> Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
> But Harry Harry. (V, ii, p. 137)

And in his first action he brings the point fully home: he confirms the authority of the Lord Chief Justice. Extending a full pardon to this officer of the law, who had once very properly castigated him for a Falstaffian prank, the new King shows his magnanimous humility:

> You shall be as a father to my youth . . .
> And I will stoop and humble my intents
> To your well-practised wise directions. (V, ii, p. 140)

The adoption of this "father" cannot but imply the dismissal of that other, "the tutor and the feeder of my riots." The open and public rejection of Falstaff is the final symbolic assurance of the supremacy of the Law and of good government in England.

There is a kind of diagrammatic simplicity in the oppositions in this play: the Lord Chief Justice *vs* Falstaff, the "rotten opinion" which rumor has given the Prince *vs* the noble reality, which recalls the structure of the old Morality plays. Indeed, something in the character of Falstaff derives from the old Vice of the Moralities. But ingredients alone do not explain effects. The interplay of comic and serious, formal and natural, reprehensible and admirable is too subtle, various, and above all, too lively, to be accounted for by a simple moral definition.

We may recall what the astute Warwick once observed about the value to the future King of his base followers:

. . . their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages. (IV, iv, p. 115)

This was a "politic" way of putting what the incomparably life-loving vigor of Falstaff may encourage an audience to state differently. Henry V surely owes to his apprenticeship to Falstaff, his "globeful of sinful continents," some of that humanity which helped him to become the inspiring leader of the English longbowmen at Agincourt. Among the numbers of the English army were Falstaff's lieutenants, Bardolph and Pistol, and doubtless some of his ragged recruits. The unregenerate Falstaff has no place among those who on French soil achieved the regeneration of England; yet something of his unquenchable spirit marches to victory with them, just as his exuberant folly has conquered all the stages that have trembled under his boisterous bulk.

ZOË GIRLING, M. LITT., *Cantab.*

SHORT READING LIST

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STUDY QUESTIONS ON *HENRY IV Part Two*

ACT I

1. What is there in the mood and content of the play as a whole that gives point to introducing Rumour as speaker of the Prologue?
2. Compare certain lines of the Induction with the last speech of the Archbishop in Act I, scene iii. What bearing has the scorn for "the multitude," expressed in both places, on the theme of rebellion?
3. Northumberland in his outburst of vengeful grief says, "Let order die!" "Order" is an issue of great significance in the play; to understand it fully you should perhaps summarize the entire speech, pp. 11-12.
4. Compare Northumberland's speech with the following passages from other plays of Shakespeare, all on the theme of "order": *Macbeth,* IV, i, "Though you untie the winds . . . Even till destruction sicken"; *King Lear,* III, ii; *Troilus and Cressida,* I, iii, "O, when degree is shaked . . . And last eat up himself." See also question on Act IV, below.

5a. Can you suggest why Shakespeare makes a false report reach Northumberland before the true one? What are the political implications of his conduct in the rebellion up to this point? See Morton's speech in I, i, "You cast the event of war . . . which was like to be?" p. 12, and also III, i, pp. 70-71, for further light on Northumberland's past history and conduct.

b. Does the false report create sympathy for Northumberland? Here compare Act II, scene iii.

c. Do any conclusions emerge from these questions as to why Northumberland is virtually dropped from the play after Act II? When is he last heard of?

6. Hotspur was a principal figure in *Henry IV*, Part I. From what is said about him in Act I, and elsewhere in the play, especially Act II, scene iii, pp. 47-48, what picture do you form of him?
7. Would you agree with the suggestion that the Lord Chief Justice should appear, in the scene set in the street, in his full scarlet and ermine robes of office?
8. "Justice: Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

   Falstaff: He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less."

   Pick out the jokes that Falstaff makes about his size in the course of this scene; in the play as a whole.
9. Is the duel between Sir John and the Lord Chief Justice in Act I, scene ii merely verbal? How do you know?

ACT II

1. "Enter . . . Fang . . . Snare," etc. Note examples here and throughout the play of names which contribute to comic characterization.
2. Read the Hostess's speech in Act II, scene i, beginning: "Marry, if thou wert an honest man . . ." What does it tell about her? How do you think the audience will respond to the speech?
3. How do the Hostess's words and actions in later appearances add to or modify your impressions of her from this scene?
4. Compare Falstaff's contest with the Lord Chief Justice in this and the earlier scene. What do you think of Falstaff when you learn of his cheating of the Hostess?
5. "Prince: . . . never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine." (II, ii)

   What is Prince Henry here saying to Pointz? in what tone? Do you agree with Dover Wilson's suggestion that this scene shows the Prince "chafing at the worthlessness and uselessness of his old companions"? What evidence can you adduce?
6. Act II, scene iv is full of bawdy talk and profanity. It

suffers more than most scenes by being read, rather than heard and watched. Attempt, however, to people it with actors, in your imagination, to discover what kind of dramatic effect it offers besides the "groundling" knockabout humor.

7. "Falstaff: His grace says that which his flesh rebels against." (II, iv)
   How well does Falstaff understand the relation between the Prince's "grace" and the Prince's "flesh" here? Is this opposition of importance at any other place in the play? Consider also Falstaff's soliloquy at the end of Act V scene i, ". . . I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions . . ." etc.

ACT III

1. The first scene in which Henry IV appears falls between two major Falstaff scenes. Suggest some effects that such alternation of the serious and the comic produces. Note also the echoes from the one to the other: for example, Henry's speech on sleeplessness follows immediately upon Falstaff's half-jesting grumbles that he is being robbed of his rest; do you think this is deliberate?
2. Pay particular attention to the images in the King's first speech in III, i. How do the images of common life and experience achieve an impression of the anxieties of the sleepless, and hence of the sleepless anxiety of a King? On what scale are the King and the sea-boy the opposite extremes?
3. How would you define Warwick's role in this scene? in the play as a whole? Has he any more distinct identity than that of a counselor to the King?
4. Shallow: "And is old Double dead?"
   What instructions would you give to actors playing this dialogue between Shallow and Silence? Venture some reasons why Shallow's part especially has been greatly sought after by leading actors.
5. Why are the country characters in Act III, scene ii such easy prey for Falstaff?

6. What is your impression, from this scene, of Falstaff as a soldier and as an officer bearing the Prince's commission?

ACT IV

1. Westmoreland characterizes "base rebellion" in Act IV, scene i, p. 93. Is any excuse offered to extenuate the rebels' action, here or elsewhere in the play?
2. Mowbray is the only rebel lord who, quite correctly, mistrusts the invitation of Prince John to negotiate peace. Yet the Archbishop's reasons for believing in the King's good will are strong. What are they?
3. Knowing the outcome of Prince John's meeting with the rebels, can you detect the double-talk in his dealings with them?
4. May Falstaff's effortless capture of Sir John Coleville be seen as a parody of the trapping of the rebel leaders?
5. In Act IV, scene iii, who is more accurate about the character of the other: Prince John on Falstaff, or Falstaff on Prince John?
6. Gloucester and Clarence (IV, iv) describe portents in nature which accompany the last sickness of the King. Compare again similar portents in *Macbeth* and *King Lear.* What do such passages convey about the nature of kingship and its importance in the universe?
7. Compare Prince Henry's speech in Act IV, scene iv on the responsibilities of the Crown, with his father's speech on sleeplessness, and with his own later soliloquy before Agincourt, in *Henry V*, Act IV, scene i: ". . . Upon the king! . . ." How do these speeches give depth to the conception of sovereignty?
8. ". . . For all my reign hath been but as a scene
   Acting that argument." (IV, iv, p. 125)
   What "argument" does Henry IV refer to? What are his chief regrets about his own reign, and his especial hopes for his son's?
9. Henry IV's last advice to his son has the ring of the true Machiavellian ruler. Can you find evidence to develop this idea further?

ACT V

1. Davy: "The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech you, let him be countenanced."
   Shallow: "Go to; I say he shall have no wrong."
   What is your impression of "country justice"? Compare Shallow's judicial administration with that of the Lord Chief Justice!
2. What is the dramatic purpose of the dialogue between the nobles and the Lord Chief Justice in Act V, scene ii before the first entry of the new king, Henry V?
3. What are the charges on which Doll Tearsheet is arrested? How does her arrest affect your attitude to her?
4. Can you detect any evidence of affection in Henry's speech dismissing Falstaff?
5. Discuss the effects produced by the order of the scenes in Act V.

General Questions

1. Henry IV gives Clarence a revealing account of Prince Henry in Act IV, scene iv, stressing the importance of observing the outward behavior, or manners, of the Prince. This is, with modification, the Elizabethan psychology of "humours." How does an approach to character through observation of "humours" illuminate Shakespeare's presentation of the Hostess, Shallow, Silence? any others? Will we learn the character of the Lord Chief Justice by observing his "humours"? If not, why not?
2. Find examples in the play of characters who are defined, more or less, by their occupations.
3. Distinguishing Part Two from Part One of *Henry IV*, critics have often stressed the unhappier aspect of Part Two. Clifford Leech points to its preoccupation with chance, and change, and "ineradicable frailty" as reflected, for example, by the number of old and sick men in it. Can you develop this idea? How does the career of Falstaff and the emergence of the confident young king fit with such an interpretation of the play?

4. What Elizabethan furnishings, possessions, and customs are mentioned in the play?

5. Do you think that the popular Elizabethan audience—the groundlings—were supposed to recognize themselves in the representations of the common people of England which the play contains?

6a. Read Lord Bardolph's speech in Act I, scene iii, p. 26. What is the basic image in it? How does it make Lord Bardolph's point? Explain in detail the force of the last two lines of the speech.

b. Choose one other verse speech in the play, and examine the succession of metaphors in it, analyzing their effects, and the cumulative meaning they produce.

c. Compare with a speech in verse one of Falstaff's speeches, for example, the soliloquy on Shallow at the end of Act III, scene ii. Is Falstaff's language less figurative than the blank verse? What do his metaphors convey? Why does he never speak in verse?

d. Wordplay—puns and quibbles—is abundant in both comic and serious situations. Choose and examine one or two examples in each of these categories.

e. Can you suggest any general principles governing the use of prose and the use of verse in this play?

7. "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound."
The silence before this along with the speech itself produce one of the symbolic moments of the play. What does it define? Are there any other such moments of definition?

8. Develop the idea that Shakespeare, by his representation of Henry V and his subjects, implies Elizabeth and her subjects, and makes the whole audience participators in history, past and present.

HENRY THE FOURTH

Part Two

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

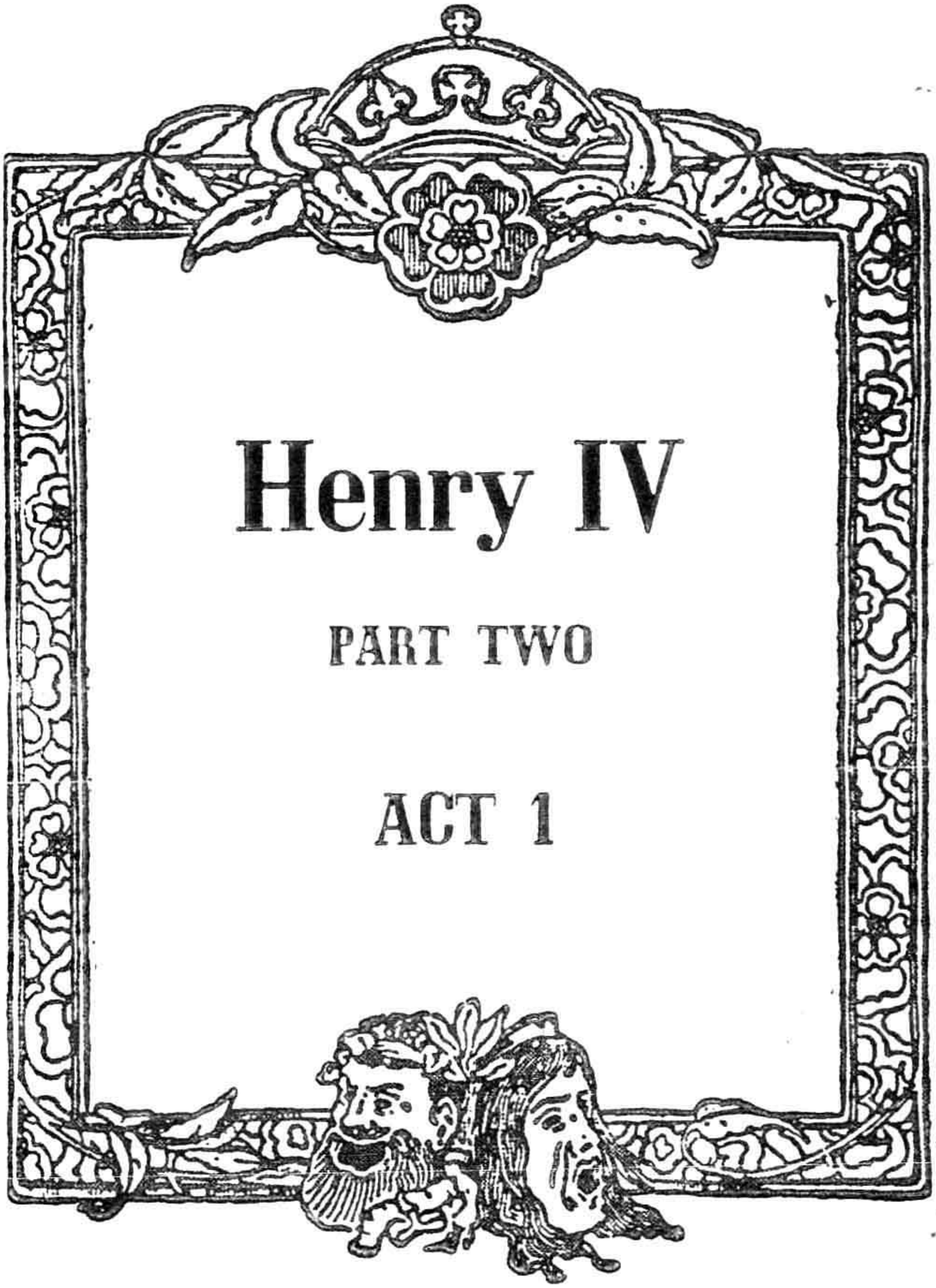
RUMOUR, *the Presenter.*
KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
PRINCE HENRY, *afterwards crown'd* KING HENRY THE FIFTH.
PRINCE JOHN *of Lancaster,*
HUMPHREY *of Gloster,*
THOMAS *of Clarence,* } *Sons to Henry the Fourth and Brethren to Henry the Fifth.*
NORTHUMBERLAND,
THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK,
MOWBRAY,
HASTINGS,
LORD BARDOLPH,
TRAVERS,
MORTON,
COLEVILE, } *Opposites to the King, Henry the Fourth.*
WARWICK,
WESTMORELAND,
SURREY,
GOWER,
HARCOURT,
BLUNT, } *Of the King's Priory.*
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,
POINTZ,
FALSTAFF,
BARDOLPH,
PISTOL,
PETO,
PAGE,
A SERVANT *of the Chief Justice.*
SHALLOW,
SILENCE, } *both Country Justices.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Continued

DAVY, *servant to Shallow.*
FANG *and* SNARE, *two Sergeants.*
MOULDY,
SHADOW,
WART, *Recruits.*
FEEBLE,
BULLCALF,
DRAWERS. BEADLES. GROOMS. PORTER.
NORTHUMBERLAND'S WIFE.
PERCY'S WIDOW.
HOSTESS QUICKLY.
DOLL TEARSHEET.
EPILOGUE.

SCENE—*England.*



Henry IV

PART TWO

ACT 1

INDUCTION and ACT I

Rumour as Prologue describes the King's victory at the battle of Shrewsbury, and prepares for the false report of Hotspur's success which shortly reaches Northumberland. When the true account follows, describing Hotspur's death and the defeat of the rebels, it stirs Northumberland to a wild fury of revenge. The other rebel leaders, headed by the Archbishop of York, determine to seek popular support to launch a new attack; they reckon to exploit the weakness of the King's forces contending on several fronts at once. Falstaff, commissioned to add his strength to Prince John's troops, is more concerned to raise money for himself than recruits for the wars. He is reproved for his past misconduct and bad influence on the heir apparent by his old antagonist, the Lord Chief Justice.

INDUCTION.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues.*[1]

RUMOUR.
Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,[2]
Making the wind my post-horse, still [3] unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
I speak of peace, while covert[4] enmity,
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters[5] and prepared defence,
Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,
And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe[6]
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,[7]
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,[8]
The still-discordant[9] wavering multitude,
Can play upon it. But what need I thus
My well-known body to anatomise[10]
Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
I run before King Harry's victory;
Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,
Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion

---

[1] **RUMOUR, painted full of tongues:** the character, RUMOUR, wearing a robe covered with painted tongues. [2] **from the orient . . . west:** that is, following the sun in its daily course from east to west. [3] **still:** always. [4] **covert:** secret. [5] **musters:** musterings of troops. [6] **pipe:** musical instrument. [7] **of so easy . . . stop:** so easy to play. [8] **blunt monster . . . heads:** the stupid multitude. [9] **still-discordant:** always disagreeing. [10] **anatomise:** dissect.

Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth[1] fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoopt his anointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold [2] of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick:[3] the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.
[*Exit.*

---

[1] **Harry Monmouth:** Prince Henry (Hal), who was born at Monmouth.

[2] **hold:** fortress.

[3] **crafty-sick:** pretending to be sick.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The same.

Enter LORD BARDOLPH; *the* PORTER *at the gate.*

LORD BARDOLPH.

Who keeps the gate here, ho? Where is the earl?

PORTER.

What[1] shall I say you are?

LORD BARDOLPH.

Tell thou the earl
That the Lord Bardolph[2] doth attend [3] him here.

PORTER.

His lordship is walkt forth into the orchard:[4]

---

[1] **What:** who.

[2] **Lord Bardolph:** fifth Baron Bardolph, not to be confused with Falstaff's low companion.

[3] **attend:** await.

[4] **orchard:** garden.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,
And he himself will answer.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Here comes the earl.

[*Exit* PORTER.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute now
Should be the father of some stratagem:[1]
The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Noble earl,
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Good, an[2] God will!

LORD BARDOLPH.

As good as heart can wish:—
The king is almost wounded to the death;
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,[3] the hulk Sir John,
Is prisoner to your son: O, such a day,
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,
Came not till now to dignify the times,
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How is this derived?[4]
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

---

[1] stratagem: violent plan; conspiracy.
[2] an: if.
[3] brawn: mass of flesh.
[4] How . . . derived: how did you come by this news.

LORD BARDOLPH.

I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence,
A gentleman well bred and of good name,
That freely render'd me these news for true.[1]

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

LORD BARDOLPH.

My lord, I over-rode[2] him on the way;
And he is furnisht with no certainties
More than he haply[3] may retail from me.

Enter TRAVERS.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

TRAVERS.

My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings; and, being better horsed,
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent[4] with speed,
That stopt by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He askt the way to Chester; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able[5] horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade[6]
Up to the rowel-head;[7] and starting so,
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying[8] no longer question.[9]

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Ha!—Again:
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?

---

[1] **render'd . . . true:** gave me this news as the truth. [2] **over-rode:** overtook. [3] **haply:** perhaps. [4] **forspent:** exhausted. [5] **able:** strong. [6] **jade:** tired horse. [7] **rowel-head:** prick of the spur. [8] **Staying:** waiting for. [9] **no longer question:** no further conversation.

Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion
Had met ill luck?

LORD BARDOLPH.

My lord, I'll tell you what;
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point[1]
I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers
Give, then, such instances of loss?

LORD BARDOLPH.

Who, he?
He was some hilding[2] fellow, that had stoln
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture.[3]—Look, here comes more news.

Enter MORTON.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,[4]
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strond [5] whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—[6]
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

MORTON.

I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
So dull, so dead [7] in look, so woe-begone,

---

[1] **silken point:** either a silk garter or the lace for tying hose to the doublet (of little value). [2] **hilding:** worthless; base. [3] **at a venture:** on conjecture; at random. [4] **title-leaf:** title page (of a book). [5] **strond:** strand; shore. [6] **a witness'd usurpation:** witnesses of the ocean's encroachment. [7] **dead:** deathly pale.

Drew Priam's[1] curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.
This thou wouldst say, 'Your son did thus and thus;
Your brother thus; so fought the noble Douglas;'
Stopping[2] my greedy ear with their bold deeds:
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,
Ending with 'Brother, son, and all are dead.'

MORTON.

Douglas is living, and your brother, yet;
But, for my lord your son,—

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanced.[3] Yet speak, Morton;
Tell thou thy earl his divination[4] lies,
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

MORTON.

You are too great to be by me gainsaid:[5]
Your spirit[6] is too true, your fears[7] too certain.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so;

---

[1] **Priam:** King of Troy. [2] **Stopping:** stuffing. [3] **is chanced:** has happened. [4] **divination:** intuition of trouble. [5] **gainsaid:** denied. [6] **spirit:** i.e., spirit of prophecy. [7] **fears:** fears of danger.

The tongue offends not that reports his death:
And he doth sin that doth belie[1] the dead;
Not he which says the dead is not alive.
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office;[2] and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen[3] bell,
Remember'd tolling a departing friend.

LORD BARDOLPH.

I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

MORTON.

I am sorry I should force you to believe
That which I would to God I had not seen;
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
Rendering faint quittance,[4] wearied and outbreathed,
To Harry Monmouth; whose swift wrath beat down
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
From whence with life he never more sprung up.
In few,[5] his death—whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp—
Being bruited [6] once, took fire and heat away
From the best-temper'd [7] courage in his troops;
For from his metal [8] was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated,[9] all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead:
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement[10] flies with greatest speed,
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester

---

[1] **belie:** lie about. [2] **losing office:** sorry (unprofitable) duty. [3] **sullen:** mournful. [4] **quittance:** return of sword thrusts. [5] **In few:** in a few words; to be brief. [6] **bruited:** reported; noised about. [7] **best-temper'd:** as tempered steel. [8] **metal:** mettle; courageous spirit. [9] **abated:** brought down. [10] **Upon enforcement:** when forced.

Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
Had three times slain th'appearance of the king,[1]
'Gan vail his stomach,[2] and did grace[3] the shame
Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all
Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
A speedy power[4] to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct[5] of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.[6]

NORTHUMBERLAND.

For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
In poison there is physic;[7] and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well:
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,[8]
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's[9] arms; even so my limbs,
Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!
A scaly gauntlet[10] now, with joints of steel,
Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif![11]
Thou art a guard too wanton[12] for the head
Which princes, flesht with conquest,[13] aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron; and approach
The ragged'st[14] hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon th'enraged Northumberland!
Let heaven kiss earth! now let not Nature's hand

---

[1] **th'appearance of the king:** those masquerading as the king (decoys). [2] **'Gan . . . stomach:** began to lower his fighting spirit. [3] **grace:** justify. [4] **power:** army. [5] **conduct:** command. [6] **the news at full:** a full report of the news. [7] **physic:** healing. [8] **buckle . . . life:** bend under the stress of life. [9] **keeper's:** nurse's. [10] **scaly gauntlet:** a gauntlet (glove) covered with steel "scales." [11] **quoif:** a cap worn by the sick.. [12] **wanton:** frivolous. [13] **flesht with conquest:** made fierce by their first taste of blood. [14] **ragged'st:** roughest.

Keep the wild flood confined! let order die!
And let this world no longer be a stage
To feed contention in a lingering act;[1]
But let one spirit of the first-born Cain[2]
Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set
On bloody courses,[3] the rude[4] scene may end,
And darkness be the burier of the dead!

TRAVERS.

This strained [5] passion doth you wrong, my lord.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

MORTON.

The lives of all your loving complices[6]
Lean[7] on your health; the which, if you give o'er
To stormy passion, must perforce decay.
You cast th'event[8] of war, my noble lord,
And summ'd [9] the account of chance, before you said,
'Let us make head.' [10] It was your presurmise
That, in the dole[11] of blows, your son might drop;
You knew he walkt o'er perils on an edge,[12]
More likely to fall in than to get o'er;
You were advised [13] his flesh was capable
Of wounds and scars, and that his forward [14] spirit
Would lift him where most trade of danger ranged:[15]
Yet did you say, 'Go forth;' and none of this,
Though strongly apprehended, could restrain
The stiff-borne[16] action: what hath, then, befaln,
Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,
More than that being which was like to be? [17]

---

[1] **feed . . . act:** to encourage a long-drawn-out conflict. [2] **first-born Cain:** the first murderer. [3] **bloody courses:** murderous actions. [4] **rude:** violent. [5] **strained:** unnatural. [6] **complices:** allies. [7] **Lean:** depend. [8] **cast th'event:** weighed the outcome. [9] **summ'd:** added up. [10] **make head:** raise an army. [11] **dole:** allotment. [12] **an edge:** a narrow ledge. [13] **advised:** aware. [14] **forward:** daring. [15] **most trade of danger ranged:** there was the fiercest fighting. [16] **stiff-borne:** obstinately fought. [17] **like to be:** likely to happen.

LORD BARDOLPH.

We all that are engaged [1] to this loss
Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,
That if we wrought out life,[2] 'twas ten to one;
And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed
Choked the respect[3] of likely peril fear'd;
And since we are o'erset, venture again.
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

MORTON.

'Tis more than time: and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
The gentle Archbishop of York is up[4]
With well-appointed powers:[5] he is a man
Who with a double surety[6] binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,[7]
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls;
And they did fight with queasiness,[8] constrain'd,
As men drink potions; that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind;
And doth enlarge his rising[9] with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones;[10]
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause;
Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke;[11]
And more and less[12] do flock to follow him.

---

[1] **engaged**: pledged. [2] **wrought out life**: came through it alive. [3] **respect**: consideration. [4] **up**: up in arms. [5] **well-appointed powers**: a well-equipped army. [6] **a double surety**: a twofold pledge. [7] **corpse**: body. [8] **with queasiness**: squeamishly. [9] **enlarge his rising**: gain converts. [10] **blood . . . stones**: the archbishop showed his followers the blood of the "martyred" Richard II, murdered at Pontefract Castle. [11] **Bolingbroke**: Henry IV. [12] **more and less**: both great and small.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel [1] every man
The aptest way for safety and revenge:
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed,—
Never so few, and never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

London. A street.

Enter FALSTAFF, *with his* PAGE *bearing his sword and buckler.*

FALSTAFF.

Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water? [2]

PAGE.

He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed [3] it, he might have moe[4] diseases than he knew for.[5]

FALSTAFF.

Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me:[6] the brain of this foolish-compounded clay,[7] man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off,[8] why then I have no judgement. Thou whoreson[9] mandrake,[10] thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate[1] till now: but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel,—the juvenal,[2] the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged.[3] I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick[4] to say his face is a face-royal:[5] God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss[6] yet: he may keep it still at a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man[7] ever since his father was a bachelor.[8] He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?[9]

---

[1] **counsel:** advise. [2] **to my water:** about his analysis of my urine. [3] **owed:** owned. [4] **moe:** more. [5] **knew for:** was aware of. [6] **gird at me:** poke fun at me. [7] **foolish-compounded clay:** compound of clay (earth) and folly. [8] **set me off:** show up the contrast between us. [9] **whoreson:** bastard. [10] **mandrake:** the forked root of this poisonous plant was supposed to resemble a man's body.

PAGE.

He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance[10] than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

FALSTAFF.

Let him be damn'd, like the glutton![11] pray God his tongue be hotter!—A whoreson Achitophel![12] a rascally yea-forsooth knave![13] to bear a gentleman in hand,[14] and then stand upon security!—The whoreson smooth-pates[15] do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is through with them in honest taking-up,[16] then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with security. I lookt a' should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security;[1] for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.[2]—Where's Bardolph?

---

[1] **mann'd . . . agate:** attended by a servant no larger than the figure engraved on an agate in a ring. [2] **juvenal:** youth. [3] **fledged:** covered with down. [4] **stick:** scruple. [5] **a face-royal:** worth a royal—ten shillings. [6] **not . . . amiss:** not a hair out of place. [7] **writ man:** described himself as a man. [8] **bachelor:** young man. [9] **slops:** loose breeches. [10] **assurance:** guarantee of payment. [11] **the glutton:** Dives—*see* Luke 16:24. [12] **Achitophel:** Absalom's counselor. [13] **yea-forsooth knave:** one who swears only mild oaths. [14] **bear . . . in hand:** delude with false promises. [15] **smooth-pates:** tradesmen. [16] **taking-up:** buying on credit.

PAGE.

He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

FALSTAFF.

I bought him in Paul's,[3] and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield:[4] an[5] I could get me but a wife in the stews,[6] I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.[7]

PAGE.

Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

FALSTAFF.

Wait close; I will not see him.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE[8] *and* SERVANT.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What's he that goes there?

SERVANT.

Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

He that was in question[9] for the robbery?

SERVANT.

He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge[10] to the Lord John of Lancaster.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What, to York? Call him back again.

SERVANT.

Sir John Falstaff!

---

[1] **in security:** in false confidence. [2] **he have . . . him:** his wife is unfaithful (the horn signifies the cuckold and there is a pun on the horn of plenty and also on the horn (side) of a lantern; lightness: unchastity. [3] **Paul's:** St. Paul's Cathedral; the nave of the cathedral was once used as a trading place. [4] **Smithfield:** a London livestock market. [5] **an:** if. [6] **stews:** brothels. [7] **mann'd, horsed, and wived:** from an old proverb referring to trading in St. Paul's, Smithfield, and a brothel. [8] LORD CHIEF JUSTICE: Gascoigne. [9] **in question:** under trial. [10] **charge:** command.

FALSTAFF.

Boy, tell him I am deaf.

PAGE.

You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

SERVANT.

Sir John,—

FALSTAFF.

What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

SERVANT.

You mistake me, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

SERVANT.

I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat,[1] if you say I am any other than an honest man.

FALSTAFF.

I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me![2] If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt-counter:[3] hence! avaunt![4]

---

[1] **lie in your throat:** an insult direct, to be settled only by combat.

[2] **that which grows to me:** i.e., my knighthood, which is a part of me.

[3] **hunt-counter:** one who follows an opposite trail from that which the game has taken.

[4] **avaunt:** begone.

SERVANT.

Sir, my lord would speak with you.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

FALSTAFF.

My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.[1] Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack[2] of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

FALSTAFF.

An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

FALSTAFF.

And I hear, moreover, his highness is faln into this same whoreson apoplexy.[3]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, God mend him!—I pray you, let me speak with you.

FALSTAFF.

This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't[4] please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

---

[1] **by advice:** on the advice of your physician.

[2] **smack:** taste.

[3] **apoplexy:** paralysis.

[4] **an't:** if it.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What[1] tell you me of it? be it as it is.

FALSTAFF.

It hath its original [2] from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects[3] in Galen:[4] it is a kind of deafness.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I think you are faln into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

FALSTAFF.

Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking,[5] that I am troubled withal.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

To punish you by the heels[6] would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

FALSTAFF.

I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of [7] poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram[8] of a scruple,[9] or, indeed, a scruple itself.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

FALSTAFF.

As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, [10] I did not come.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

---

[1] **What:** why. [2] **original:** origin; cause. [3] **his effects:** its symptoms. [4] **Galen:** an ancient Greek physician and writer of medical textbooks. [5] **marking:** heeding; listening. [6] **punish you by the heels:** literally, hang you up by the heels; commit you to prison. [7] **in respect of:** on account of. [8] **dram:** small amount. [9] **a scruple:** doubt. [10] **land-service:** military service.

FALSTAFF.

He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

FALSTAFF.

I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist[1] slenderer.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

You have misled the youthful prince.

FALSTAFF.

The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.[2]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, I am loth to gall[3] a new-heal'd wound: your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over[4] your night's exploit on Gadshill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting[5] that action.

FALSTAFF.

My lord,—

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

FALSTAFF.

To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.[6]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

FALSTAFF.

A wassail candle,[7] my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax,[8] my growth would approve[9] the truth.

---

[1] **waist:** a pun on "waste." [2] **he my dog:** an allusion to the practice of blind beggars having dogs to lead them through the streets. [3] **gall:** irritate; chafe. [4] **gilded over:** glossed over; obscured. [5] **o'er-posting:** overriding. [6] **to smell a fox:** i.e., to be suspicious. [7] **wassail candle:** a large candle used at feasts. [8] **wax:** with a pun on the word's meaning of "increase." [9] **approve:** prove.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

There is not a white hair on your face but should have his[1] effect of gravity.

FALSTAFF.

His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill [2] angel.

FALSTAFF.

Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light;[3] but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing: and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go:[4]—I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger[5] times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd:[6] pregnancy[7] is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings:[8] all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: and we that are in the vaward [9] of our youth, I must confess, are wags[10] too.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down with all the characters[11] of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? [12] and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

---

[1] his: its. [2] ill: evil. [3] your . . . light: a bad (ill) angel (a coin worth 6*s*.8*d*.) is one from which part of the gold has been chipped. [4] go: be accepted. [5] costermonger: commercial. [6] bear-herd: leader of a tame bear. [7] pregnancy: ready wit; fertility of invention. [8] reckonings: accounts (bills). [9] vaward: vanguard. [10] wags: gay fellows. [11] characters: signs. [12] single: simple.

FALSTAFF.

My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something[1] a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve[2] my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks,[3] let him lend me the money, and have at him.[4] For the box of th'ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checkt[5] him for it; and the young lion repents,—marry[6] not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.[7]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, God send the prince a better companion!

FALSTAFF.

God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, the king hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF.

Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but a bottle, I would I might never spit white[8] again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever:[1] but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God, my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

---

[1] **something**: somewhat of. [2] **approve**: prove. [3] **marks**: a mark was worth 13*s*.4*d*. [4] **have at him**: defend himself. [5] **checkt**: rebuked. [6] **marry**: by the Virgin Mary. [7] **sack**: Spanish wine. [8] **spit white**: be healthy.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

FALSTAFF.

Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish[2] me forth?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.[3] Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt* CHIEF JUSTICE *and* SERVANT.

FALSTAFF.

If I do, fillip[4] me with a three-man beetle.[5]—A man can no more separate age and covetousness than a'[6] can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees[7] prevent[8] my curses.—Boy!

PAGE.

Sir?

FALSTAFF.

What money is in my purse?

PAGE.

Seven groats[9] and two pence.

FALSTAFF.

I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse:

---

[1] ever: forever. [2] furnish: equip. [3] bear crosses: endure disappointments (with a quibble on coins marked with crosses). [4] fillip: flip. [5] three-man beetle: a heavy mallet requiring three men to swing it. [6] a': he. [7] both the degrees: that is, both youth and age. [8] prevent: forestall. [9] groat: fourpence.

borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit* PAGE.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt;[1] I have the wars for my colour,[2] and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity.[3] [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

York. The ARCHBISHOP'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, *and* LORD BARDOLPH.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
Thus have you heard our cause and know our means;
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?
MOWBRAY.
I well allow the occasion of[4] our arms;
But gladly would be better satisfied
How, in[5] our means, we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance[6] of the king.
HASTINGS.
Our present musters grow upon the file[7]

---

[1] halt: limp. [2] colour: excuse. [3] commodity: profit; advantage.
[4] occasion of: reason for. [5] in: with. [6] puissance: great might.
[7] file: roster; muster roll.

To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice;[1]
And our supplies[2] live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

LORD BARDOLPH.

The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus;—
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

HASTINGS.

With him, we may.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Yea, marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far
Till we had his assistance by the hand;[3]
For, in a theme[4] so bloody-faced as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain[5] should not be admitted.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

LORD BARDOLPH.

It was, my lord; who lined [6] himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project[7] of a power[8]
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers[9] to death,
And, winking,[10] leapt into destruction.

HASTINGS.

But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.[11]

---

[1] **men of choice:** picked men. [2] **supplies:** reinforcements. [3] **by the hand:** at hand. [4] **theme:** undertaking. [5] **incertain:** uncertain. [6] **lined:** strengthened. [7] **project:** the mental projection. [8] **power:** army. [9] **powers:** forces. [10] **winking:** closing his eyes. [11] **forms of hope:** hopeful signs.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Yes, if this present quality of war;—
Indeed, the instant[1] action—a cause on foot—
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th'appearing buds; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them.[2] When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot,[3] then draw the model;[4]
And when we see the figure[5] of the house.
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices,[6] or at last desist
To build at all? Much more, in this great work—
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up—should we survey
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent[7] upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite;[8] or else
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost[9]
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,
And waste for churlish[10] winter's tyranny.[11]

HASTINGS.

Grant that our hopes—yet likely of fair birth—
Should be still-born, and that we now possest
The utmost man of expectation;[12]

---

[1] **instant:** present. [2] **Lives . . . them:** has as much hope of success as an early bud has of not being killed by frost. [3] **plot:** ground. [4] **model:** plan. [5] **figure:** design. [6] **offices:** rooms. [7] **Consent:** agree. [8] **opposite:** opposition. [9] **part-created cost:** half-finished costly undertaking. [10] **churlish:** rough. [11] **tyranny:** violence. [12] **The utmost . . . expectation:** all the men we could hope for.

I think we are a body strong enough.
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

LORD BARDOLPH.

What, is the king but five-and-twenty thousand?

HASTINGS.

To us[1] no more; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,[2]
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce a third
Must take up us: so is the unfirm[3] king
In three divided; and his coffers sound [4]
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

That he should draw his several strengths together,
And come against us in full puissance,[5]
Need not be dreaded.

HASTINGS.

If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Baying him at the heels:[6] never fear that.

LORD BARDOLPH.

Who is it like should [7] lead his forces hither?

HASTINGS.

The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth:
But who is substituted [8] 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.[9]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Let us on,[10]
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;

---

[1] **To us:** as far as we are concerned. [2] **as . . . brawl:** in these violent times. [3] **unfirm:** infirm; feeble. [4] **sound:** echo. [5] **puissance:** force; strength. [6] **Baying . . . heels:** barking at his heels. [7] **Who . . . should:** who will probably. [8] **substituted:** deputized in his place. [9] **notice:** information. [10] **on:** go on.

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:
An habitation giddy and unsure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.[1]
O thou fond many! [2] with what loud applause
Didst thou beat[3] heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,[4]
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provokest thyself to cast[5] him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,[6]
And howl'st to find it.[7] What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on[8] his grave:
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th'admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, 'O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!' O thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seems best; things present, worst.

MOWBRAY.

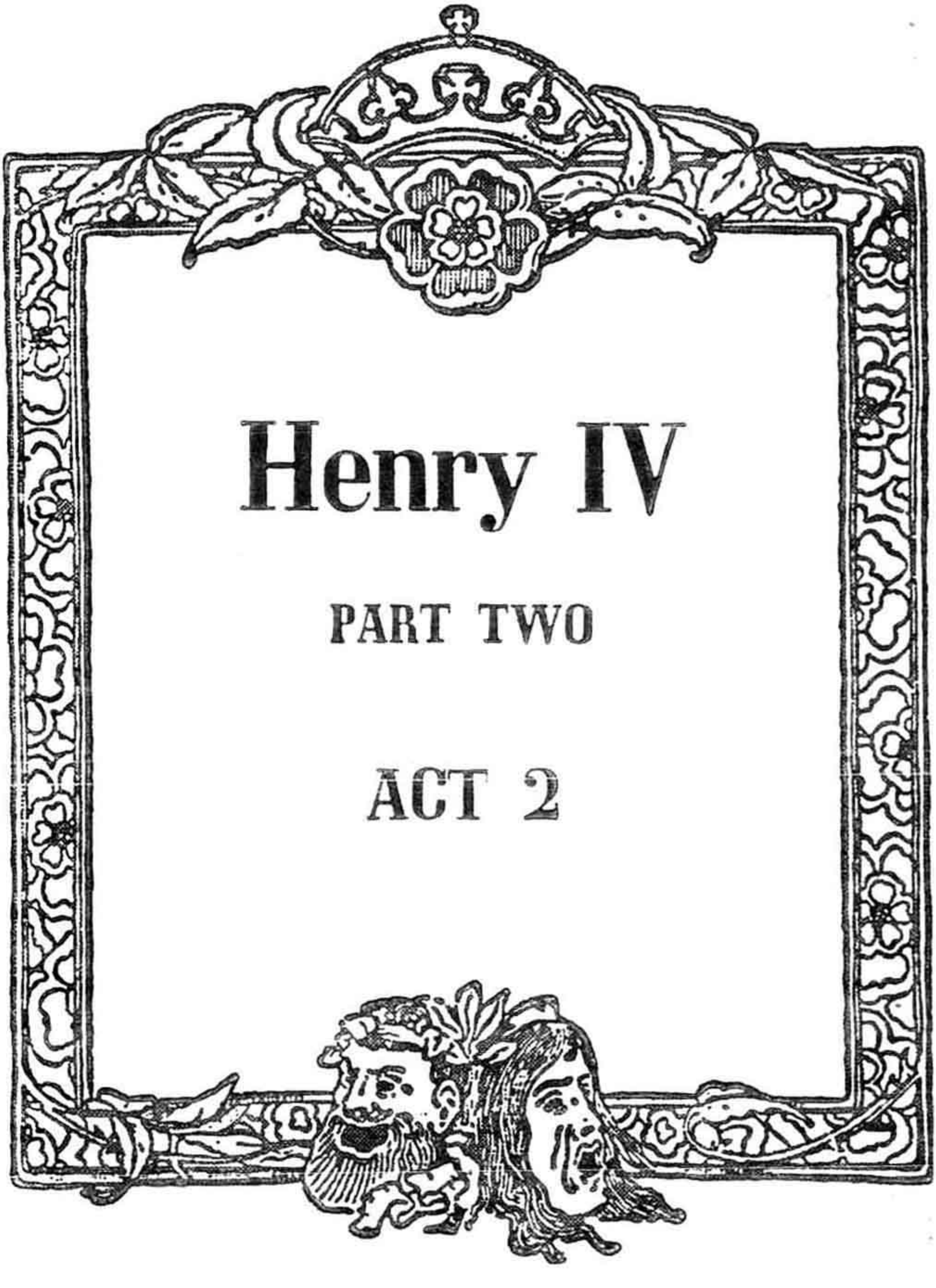
Shall we go draw our numbers,[9] and set on?

HASTINGS.

We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **vulgar heart:** love of the common people. [2] **fond many:** foolish multitude. [3] **beat:** assail. [4] **trimm'd in . . . desires:** served up to you according to your appetites. [5] **cast:** vomit. [6] **eat thy dead vomit up:** a reference to the quotation from the Bible: "the dog is turned to his own vomit again"—II Peter, 2:22; also in *Henry V*, Act III, scene vii. [7] **howl'st . . . it:** howl because you cannot find it. [8] **on:** of. [9] **draw our numbers:** bring our forces together.



Henry IV

PART TWO

ACT 2

ACT II

THE HOSTESS of the Boar's Head brings officers to arrest Falstaff, who is "defended" by Bardolph and his page. The Lord Chief Justice, intervening, reprimands Falstaff for his large debt and false promises to the Hostess; but Falstaff cajoles her into relenting, and even into providing a further loan and a supper, with Doll Tearsheet's company.

At Northumberland's castle, Lady Percy and Northumberland's wife prevail upon the wavering old rebel not to hasten back to the wars.

Prince Hal, accompanied by Pointz, receives an impertinent letter from Falstaff, and determines to join the Boar's Head party in disguise, to trick the old rascal into self-exposure. The revelry is interrupted by urgent messages which recall the Prince to his duties, and Falstaff, summoned to the wars, prepares to take leave of the Hostess and Doll.

ACT II. SCENE I.

London. A street.

Enter HOSTESS, FANG *and his* BOY *with her, and* SNARE *following.*

HOSTESS.

Master Fang,[1] have you enter'd the exion? [2]

FANG.

It is enter'd.

HOSTESS.

Where's your yeoman? [3] Is't a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't? [4]

FANG.

Sirrah, where's Snare?

HOSTESS.

O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

SNARE.

Here, here.

FANG.

Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

HOSTESS.

Yes, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

SNARE.

It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

HOSTESS.

Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin[5] like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

FANG.

If I can close with him, [6] I care not for his thrust.

---

[1] **Master Fang:** the sheriff's sergeant. [2] **enter'd the exion:** instituted the action; exion: Dame Quickly's error for "action." [3] **yeoman:** assistant. [4] **will a' stand to't:** will he be able to perform his duty. [5] **foin:** thrust (as in fencing) [6] **close . . . him:** grapple him.

HOSTESS.

No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

FANG.

An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice,[1]—

HOSTESS.

I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive[2] thing upon my score:[3]—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not scape. A' comes continuantly[4] to Pie-corner[5]—saving your manhoods[6]—to buy a saddle; and he is indited[7] to dinner to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert-street,[8] to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer.[9] A hundred mark is a long one[10] for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubb'd off,[11] and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.—Yonder he comes; and that arrant[12] malmsey-nose[13] knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter FALSTAFF, PAGE, *and* BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF.

How now! whose mare's dead?[14] What's the matter?

FANG.

Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

---

[1] **vice:** grasp. [2] **infinitive:** infinite. [3] **upon my score:** in my debt. [4] **continuantly:** continually. [5] **Pie-corner:** once knight riders' street, but in Shakespeare's day, a tenement area. [6] **saving . . . manhoods:** an apology for any offense. [7] **indited:** invited. [8] **Lubber's-head in Lumbert-street:** Leopard's Head in Lombard Street. [9] **brought . . . answer:** taken to court to face charges. [10] **a long one:** a great deal of money. [11] **fubb'd off:** put off with excuses. [12] **arrant:** out-and-out. [13] **malmsey-nose:** red-nosed. [14] **whose mare's dead:** a proverbial expression; what's all the fuss about.

FALSTAFF.

Away, varlets![1]—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean[2] in the channel.[3]

HOSTESS.

Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder! Ah, thou honey-suckle[4] villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the king's? Ah, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed,[4] a man-queller,[5] and a woman-queller.[6]

FALSTAFF.

Keep them off, Bardolph.

FANG.

A rescue! a rescue!

HOSTESS.

Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't,[7] wo't thou? thou wo't, wo't ta?[8] do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed![9]

FALSTAFF.

Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.[10]

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *and his men.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

HOSTESS.

Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to[11] me!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

How now, Sir John! what are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.—
Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

---

[1] varlets: knaves. [2] quean: hussy. [3] channel: gutter. [4] honey-suckle: homicidal; honey-seed: homicide. [5] man-queller: murderer. [6] woman-queller: murderer of women. [7] wo't: wouldst. [8] ta: thou. [9] hemp-seed: one who will die by hanging on a hempen rope. [10] scullion: slavey; rampallian: rapscallion or rascal; fustilarian: a fat, frowsy woman; catastrophe: posterior. [11] to: by.

HOSTESS.

O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

For what sum?

HOSTESS.

It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.[1]

FALSTAFF.

I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground [2] to get up.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper[3] would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce[4] a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

FALSTAFF.

What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

HOSTESS.

Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt[5] goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber,[6] at the round table, by a sea-coal [7] fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week,[8] when the prince broke thy head for liking[9] his father to a singing-man[10] of Windsor,—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip[1] Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess[2] of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill[3] for a green[4] wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:[5] deny it, if thou canst.

---

[1] **mare:** nightmare. [2] **vantage of ground:** higher ground. [3] **temper:** disposition. [4] **enforce:** force. [5] **parcel-gilt:** partly gilt. [6] **Dolphin-chamber:** the name of a room in Hostess Quickly's inn. [7] **sea-coal:** coal transported from Newcastle, Wales, by boat. [8] **Wheeson-week:** Whitsuntide, the week beginning with the seventh Sunday after Easter. [9] **liking:** likening; comparing. [10] **singing-man:** chorister.

FALSTAFF.

My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case,[6] and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her.[7] But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level[8] consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon[9] the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

HOSTESS.

Yea, in truth, my lord.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Pray thee, peace.—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling[1] money, and the other with current[2] repentance.

---

[1] **gossip:** a term of familiarity used by middle-class women. [2] **mess:** enough to make a dish. [3] **ill:** bad. [4] **green:** fresh. [5] **book-oath:** oath taken on the Bible. [6] **in good case:** in good circumstances. [7] **distracted her:** made her mad (insane). [8] **level:** just. [9] **practised upon:** taken advantage of.

FALSTAFF.

My lord, I will not undergo this sneap[3] without reply. You call honourable[4] boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous:—no, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty[5] employment in the king's affairs.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation,[6] and satisfy the poor woman.

FALSTAFF.

Come hither, hostess. [*Takes her aside.*

Enter GOWER.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Now, Master Gower, what news?

GOWER.

The king, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.
[*Gives a letter.*

FALSTAFF.

As I am a gentleman,—

HOSTESS.

Faith, you said so before.

FALSTAFF.

As I am a gentleman:—come, no more words of it.

HOSTESS.

By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain[7] to pawn both my plate[8] and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

---

[1] **sterling:** good; genuine. [2] **current:** also genuine. [3] **sneap:** snub; taunt. [4] **honourable:** honest. [5] **hasty:** urgent. [6] **in . . . reputation:** as a soldier and a gentleman. [7] **fain:** obliged. [8] **plate:** silver.

FALSTAFF.

Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking:[1] and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery,[2] or the story of the Prodigal,[3] or the German Hunting in water-work,[4] is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours,[5] there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw[6] the action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on[7] to this.

HOSTESS.

Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles:[8] i' faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

FALSTAFF.

Let it alone; I'll make other shift:[9] you'll be a fool still.[10]

HOSTESS.

Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

FALSTAFF.

Will I live?—[*To* BARDOLPH] Go, with her, with her; hook on,[11] hook on.

HOSTESS.

Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

FALSTAFF.

No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* HOSTESS, BARDOLPH, OFFICERS, *and* BOY.

---

[1] is . . . drinking: are the only fashionable things for drinking (not metal vessels). [2] slight drollery: humorous or comic painting. [3] Prodigal: the Biblical prodigal son. [4] the German Hunting in water-work: a German hunting scene done in water colors. [5] humours: caprices. [6] draw: withdraw. [7] set on: incited. [8] nobles: gold coins worth about six shillings. [9] shift: arrangements. [10] still: always. [11] hook on: watch her to see that she doesn't change her mind.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
I have heard better news.

FALSTAFF.
What's the news, my lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
Where lay the king last night?

GOWER.
At Basingstoke,[1] my lord.

FALSTAFF.
I hope, my lord, all's well: what is the news, my lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
Come all his forces back?

GOWER.
No; fifteen hundred foot,[2] five hundred horse,[3]
Are marcht up to my Lord of Lancaster,
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

FALSTAFF.
Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
You shall have letters of me presently:[4]
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

FALSTAFF.
My lord!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.
What's the matter?

FALSTAFF.
Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?[5]

GOWER.
I must wait upon my good lord here,—I thank you, good Sir John.

---

[1] **Basingstoke:** a town about thirty miles from London.
[2] **foot:** infantry.
[3] **horse:** cavalry.
[4] **presently:** immediately.
[5] **shall . . . dinner:** may I beg you to have dinner with me.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sir John, you loiter here too long, being[1] you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

FALSTAFF.

Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

FALSTAFF.

Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace,[2] my lord; tap for tap,[3] and so part fair.[4]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Now, the Lord lighten[5] thee! thou art a great fool.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. Another street.

Enter PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ.

PRINCE HENRY.

Before God, I am exceeding weary.

POINTZ.

Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd[6] one of so high blood.

PRINCE HENRY.

Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness[7] to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?[8]

POINTZ.

Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied[9] as to remember so weak a composition.

PRINCE HENRY.

Belike,[10] then, my appetite was not princely got;[11] for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer.

---

[1] **being:** being as; since. [2] **right fencing grace:** proper behavior in fencing. [3] **tap for tap:** thrust for thrust; tit for tat. [4] **fair:** equal; square. [5] **lighten:** enlighten. [6] **attach'd:** attached itself to. [7] **discolours . . . greatness:** makes me blush for shame. [8] **small beer:** weak beer. [9] **studied:** inclined. [10] **Belike:** probably. [11] **got:** begotten.

But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity,[1] and one other for use!—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries[2] have made a shift[3] to eat up thy holland:[4] and God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen[5] shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say the children are not in the fault;[6] whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

POINTZ.

How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

PRINCE HENRY.

Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

POINTZ.

Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

PRINCE HENRY.

It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.[7]

POINTZ.

Go to;[8] I stand the push of[9] your one thing that you will tell.

---

[1] **for superfluity:** for a spare. [2] **low-countries:** low appetites (with a pun on the low countries—the Netherlands). [3] **made a shift:** managed (with a pun on shift as a shirt). [4] **holland:** a type of linen. [5] **those . . . linen:** the babies (bastards) that use his (Pointz's) old linen for diapers. [6] **in the fault:** at fault. [7] **It . . . thine:** it is good enough for fools like you. [8] **Go to:** enough of that. [9] **I stand the push of:** I am braced to bear.

PRINCE HENRY.

Marry, I tell thee,—it is not meet[1] that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee,—as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend,—I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

POINTZ.

Very hardly upon such a subject.[2]

PRINCE HENRY.

By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy[3] and persistency:[4] let the end try[5] the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation[6] of sorrow.

POINTZ.

The reason?

PRINCE HENRY.

What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

POINTZ.

I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

PRINCE HENRY.

It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way[7] better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites[8] your most worshipful thought to think so?

POINTZ.

Why, because you have been so lewd,[9] and so much engraft[10] to Falstaff.

PRINCE HENRY.

And to thee.

---

[1] **meet:** suitable. [2] **Very . . . subject:** Pointz implies that the king's death would be no great grief to his son. [3] **obduracy:** impenitence. [4] **persistency:** that is, in following a wicked way of life. [5] **try:** be the judge of. [6] **ostentation:** display; show. [7] **keeps the road-way:** follows the common course. [8] **accites:** arouses; excites. [9] **lewd:** ignoble. [10] **much engraft:** closely attached.

POINTZ.

By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother,[1] and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;[2] and those two things, I confess, I cannot help.—By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

PRINCE HENRY.

And the boy that I gave Falstaff: a'[3] had him from me Christian;[4] and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.[5]

Enter BARDOLPH *and* PAGE.

BARDOLPH.

God save your Grace!

PRINCE HENRY.

And yours, most noble Bardolph!

BARDOLPH [*to the* PAGE].

Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become! Is't such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?[6]

PAGE.

A' calls me e'en now, my lord, through a red lattice,[7] and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat,[8] and so peept through.

PRINCE HENRY.

Hath not the boy profited?

BARDOLPH.

Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

PAGE.

Away, you rascally Althæa's dream,[9] away!

---

[1] **second brother:** that is, a brother without an inheritance. [2] **a proper . . . hands:** a good man in a fight. [3] **a':** he. [4] **Christian:** a Christian; a civilized person. [5] **him ape:** him into an ape. [6] **get . . . maidenhead:** drink a two-quart tankard of ale. [7] **red lattice:** the red lattice window of a tavern. [8] **petticoat:** the scarlet petticoat of a prostitute. [9] **dream:** firebrand; it was Hecuba who dreamed of giving birth to a firebrand; Althea's firebrand was extinguished to prolong her son's life.

PRINCE HENRY.

Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

PAGE.

Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was deliver'd of a firebrand; and therefore I call him her dream.

PRINCE HENRY.

A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there 'tis, boy.
[*Gives money.*

POINTZ.

O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers![1]—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee. [*Gives money.*

BARDOLPH.

An you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.[2]

PRINCE HENRY.

And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

BARDOLPH.

Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you. [*Gives a letter.*

POINTZ.

Deliver'd with good respect.[3]—And how doth the martlemas,[4] your master?

BARDOLPH.

In bodily health, sir.

POINTZ.

Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

PRINCE HENRY.

I do allow this wen[5] to be as familiar with me as my dog: and he holds his place; for look you how he writes.

---

[1] **cankers:** cankerworms.
[2] **shall have wrong:** will have been wronged (cheated).
[3] **good respect:** the proper deference.
[4] **martlemas:** Martinmas or Martin's summer; Indian summer—i.e., Falstaff.
[5] **wen:** cyst; abnormal growth.

POINTZ [*reads*].

'John Falstaff, knight,'—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the king; for they never prick their finger but they say, 'There's some of the king's blood spilt.' 'How comes that?' says he, that takes upon him[1] not to conceive.[2] The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,[3] 'I am the king's poor cousin, sir.'

PRINCE HENRY.

Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet.[4] But to the letter:—

POINTZ [*reads*].

'Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.'—Why, this is a certificate.[5]

PRINCE HENRY.

Peace!

POINTZ [*reads*].

'I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:'—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—'I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st; and so, farewell.

> 'Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.'

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack,[6] and make him eat it.

---

[1] **takes upon him**: pretends. [2] **conceive**: understand. [3] **borrower's cap**: a man asking for a loan doffs his hat to show his deference. [4] **or . . . Japhet**: if they have to go all the way back to Noah's son to prove it. [5] **certificate**: legal document. [6] **sack**: Spanish wine.

PRINCE HENRY.

That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

POINTZ.

God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

PRINCE HENRY.

Well, thus we play the fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

BARDOLPH.

Yes, my lord.

PRINCE HENRY.

Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? [1]

BARDOLPH.

At the old place, my lord,—in Eastcheap.

PRINCE HENRY.

What company?

PAGE.

Ephesians,[2] my lord,—of the old church.

PRINCE HENRY.

Sup any women with him?

PAGE.

None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

PRINCE HENRY.

What pagan[3] may that be?

PAGE.

A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

PRINCE HENRY.

Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—

---

[1] **frank:** pigsty.
[2] **Ephesians:** boon companions.
[3] **pagan:** prostitute.

Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

POINTZ.

I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

PRINCE HENRY.

Sirrah,[1] you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

[*Gives money.*

BARDOLPH.

I have no tongue, sir.

PAGE.

And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

PRINCE HENRY.

Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PAGE.]—This Doll Tearsheet should [2] be some road.[3]

POINTZ.

I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

PRINCE HENRY.

How might we see Falstaff bestow himself [4] to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

POINTZ.

Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.[5]

PRINCE HENRY.

From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's[6] case. From a prince to a prentice? [7] a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh[8] with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **Sirrah:** a form of address used to an inferior. [2] **should:** must. [3] **road:** prostitute. [4] **bestow himself:** show himself; behave. [5] **drawers:** waiters or tapsters. [6] **Jove:** to woo Europa, Jove took on the form of a bull. [7] **prentice:** apprentice; i.e., tapster. [8] **weigh:** accord.

SCENE III.

Warkworth. Before the castle.

Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* LADY PERCY.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,[1]
Give even way unto[2] my rough affairs:[3]
Put not you on the visage of the times,
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

I have given over, I will speak no more:
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;[4]
And, but my going,[5] nothing can redeem it.

LADY PERCY.

O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!
The time was, father, that you broke your word,
When you were more endear'd[6] to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,[7]
Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers;[8] but he did long in vain.
Who then persuaded you to stay at home?
There were two honours lost,—yours and your son's.
For yours,—the God of heaven brighten it!
For his,[9]—it stuck upon him, as the sun
In the gray[10] vault of heaven; and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move
To do brave acts: he was, indeed, the glass[11]
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:

---

[1] **daughter:** daughter-in-law. [2] **Give . . . unto:** smooth the way for. [3] **rough affairs:** military pursuits. [4] **at pawn:** pledged. [5] **but my going:** unless I go. [6] endear'd: bound. [7] **Harry:** Harry Percy (Hotspur). [8] powers: forces. [9] **For his:** as for his. [10] **gray:** Shakespeare often uses *gray* for blue. [11] **glass:** mirror.

He had no legs[1] that practised not his gait;
And speaking thick,[2] which nature made his blemish,
Became the accents of the valiant;
For those that could speak low and tardily[3]
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him: so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,[4]
In military rules, humours of blood,[5]
He was the mark and glass, copy[6] and book,[7]
That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave—
Second to none, unseconded by you—
To look upon the hideous god of war
In disadvantage; to abide a field[8]
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible:[9]—so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice[10]
With others than with him! let them alone:
The marshal and the archbishop are strong:
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,
To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talkt of Monmouth's[11] grave.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go, and meet with danger there;
Or it will seek me in another place,
And find me worse provided.[12]

---

[1] **legs:** followers. [2] **thick:** rapidly. [3] **tardily:** slowly. [4] **affections of delight:** the pursuits in which he found pleasure. [5] **humours of blood:** natural disposition. [6] **copy:** pattern. [7] **book:** book of manners. [8] **abide a field:** face a battlefield. [9] **defensible:** capable of putting up a defense. [10] **nice:** scrupulous. [11] **Monmouth:** Prince Henry. [12] **provided:** prepared.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

O, fly to Scotland,
Till that[1] the nobles and the armed commons
Have of their puissance[2] made a little taste.

LADY PERCY.

If they get ground and vantage of the king,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,[3]
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suffer'd:[4] so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,
For recordation[5] to my noble husband.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
That makes a still-stand,[6] running neither way:
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.

Enter two DRAWERS.

FIRST DRAWER.

What the devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns?[7] thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

SECOND DRAWER.

Mass, thou say'st true. The prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns;

---

[1] Till that: until. [2] puissance: might. [3] for all our loves: for the sake of all those who love you. [4] suffer'd: allowed to do as he pleased. [5] For recordation: in commemoration. [6] still-stand: standstill. [7] apple-johns: a kind of apple that tastes best when they become shriveled.

and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.' It anger'd him to the heart: but he hath forgot that.

FIRST DRAWER.

Why, then, cover,[1] and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;[2] Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear[3] some music. Dispatch:[4]—the room where they supt is too hot; they'll come in straight.[5]

SECOND DRAWER.

Sirrah, here will be the prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

FIRST DRAWER.

By the mass, here will be old utis:[6] it will be an excellent stratagem.

SECOND DRAWER.

I'll see if I can find out[7] Sneak. [*Exit.*

Enter HOSTESS *and* DOLL TEARSHEET.

HOSTESS.

I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality:[8] your pulsidge[9] beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la: but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries;[10] and that's a marvellous searching[11] wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say 'What's this?'—How do you now?

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Better than I was:—hem.

---

[1] **cover:** lay the cloth. [2] **noise:** band of musicians. [3] **fain hear:** like to hear. [4] **Dispatch:** move quickly. [5] **straight:** immediately. [6] **old utis:** great fun; riotous merriment; utas (octave)—the eighth day of a festival. [7] **find out:** find. [8] **temperality:** temper; good physical condition. [9] **pulsidge:** pulse. [10] **canaries:** sweet wines from the Canary Islands. [11] **searching:** potent.

HOSTESS.
Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold.—Lo, here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF [*singing*].
'When Arthur first in court' [1]—Empty the jordan.[2] [*Exit* FIRST DRAWER.]—[*singing*] 'And was a worthy king.'—How now, Mistress Doll!

HOSTESS.
Sick of a calm;[3] yea, good faith.

FALSTAFF.
So is all her sect;[4] an they be once in a calm,[5] they are sick.

DOLL TEARSHEET.
You muddy[6] rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

FALSTAFF.
You make fat rascals,[7] Mistress Doll.

DOLL TEARSHEET.
I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

FALSTAFF.
If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my poor virtue,[8] grant that.

DOLL TEARSHEET.
Yea, joy,—our chains and our jewels.

FALSTAFF.
'Your brooches, pearls, and ouches:' [9]—for to serve bravely is to come halting[10] off, you know: to come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers[11] bravely,—

---

[1] 'When Arthur . . . court': from an old ballad preserved in Percy's *Reliques*. [2] jordan: chamber pot. [3] calm: qualm; queasiness. [4] sect: sex. [5] calm: a pun on Mistress Quickly's word; Falstaff means that women cannot endure to be quiet. [6] muddy: dirty. [7] rascals: with a pun on the meaning of *rascal* as a deer in poor condition. [8] poor virtue: one of small virtue. [9] ouches: ornaments (sores). [10] halting: limping. [11] charged chambers: loaded cannon.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Hang yourself, you muddy conger,[1] hang yourself!

HOSTESS.

By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic[2] as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities.[3] What the good-year! [4] one must bear, and that must be you [*to* DOLL TEARSHEET]: you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk[5] better stuft in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Enter FIRST DRAWER.

FIRST DRAWER.

Sir, Ancient[6] Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it[7] is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

HOSTESS.

If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live among my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers.[8] I am in good name and fame with the very best:—shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

---

[1] **conger:** conger eel. [2] **rheumatic:** Hostess Quickly's word for "splenetic"—hot-tempered. [3] **confirmities:** infirmities. [4] **What the good-year:** a mild oath. [5] **hulk:** cargo ship. [6] **Ancient:** ensign; standard-bearer. [7] **it:** he. [8] **I'll no swaggerers:** I'll have no rowdies here.

FALSTAFF.

Dost thou hear, hostess?—

HOSTESS.

Pray ye, pacify yourself,[1] Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

FALSTAFF.

Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

HOSTESS.

Tilly-fally,[2] Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, 'I' good faith, neighbour Quickly,' says he;—Master Dumbe, our minister, was by then;—'neighbour Quickly,' says he, 'receive those that are civil; for,' saith he, 'you are in an ill name:'—now a' said so, I can tell whereupon; 'for,' says he, 'you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: receive,' says he, 'no swaggering companions.'[3] There comes none here: you would bless you to hear what he said: no, I'll no swaggerers.

FALSTAFF.

He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater,[4] i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound; he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen,[5] if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [*Exit* FIRST DRAWER.

HOSTESS.

Cheater,[6] call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says 'swagger': feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

---

[1] **pacify yourself:** calm yourself. [2] **Tilly-fally:** nonsense (an expression of contempt). [3] **swaggering companions:** rowdies [4] **tame cheater:** a gamester's decoy (confidence man). [5] **a Barbary hen:** a hen with naturally ruffled feathers. [6] **Cheater:** the Hostess thinks Falstaff means escheator, an officer of the exchequer.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

So you do, hostess.

HOSTESS.

Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an[1] 'twere an aspen-leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

PISTOL.

God save you, Sir John!

FALSTAFF.

Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you[2] with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon[3] mine hostess.

PISTOL.

I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

FALSTAFF.

She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend [4] her.

HOSTESS.

Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

PISTOL.

Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! [5] Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

PISTOL.

I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Away, you cut-purse[6] rascal! you filthy bung,[7] away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps,[1] an you play the saucy cuttle[2] with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler,[3] you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—God's light,[4] with two points[5] on your shoulder? much!

---

[1] **an:** as if. [2] **charge you:** toast you. [3] **discharge upon:** give a toast to. [4] **offend:** hurt. [5] **lack-linen mate:** fellow without a shirt to his back. [6] **cut-purse:** pickpocket. [7] **bung:** thieves' slang for pickpocket or "sharper."

PISTOL.

God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff[6] for this.

FALSTAFF.

No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

HOSTESS.

No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out,[7] for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. You a captain! you slave, for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house!—He a captain! hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes.[8] A captain! God's light, these villains will make the word as odious as the word 'occupy;' which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted:[9] therefore captains had need look to't.

BARDOLPH.

Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

FALSTAFF.

Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

PISTOL.

Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,—I could tear her: I'll be revenged of her.

---

[1] **chaps:** jaws. [2] **cuttle:** bully. [3] **basket-hilt . . . juggler:** a reference to the basket-shaped hand guard on the hilt of Pistol's sword. [4] **God's light:** by God's holy light. [5] **points:** laces for fastening breast armour to the shoulders. [6] **ruff:** wired neckwear which framed the face. [7] **truncheon you out:** drive you out with cudgels. [8] **mouldy . . . cakes:** fare served in a bawdy house. [9] **ill sorted:** used with words of an unpleasant connotation.

PAGE.

Pray thee, go down.

PISTOL.

I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's[1] damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus[2] and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line,[3] say I. Down, down, dogs! down, faitors! [4] Have we not Hiren[5] here?

HOSTESS.

Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseek you now, aggravate your choler.[6]

PISTOL.

These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,[7]
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,[8]
And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus;[9] and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul [10] for toys? [11]

HOSTESS.

By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

BARDOLPH.

Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.[12]

PISTOL.

Die men like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

HOSTESS.

O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? For God's sake, be quiet.

---

[1] **Pluto:** keeper of the underworld. [2] **Erebus:** Hell (the underworld). [3] **Hold hook and line:** "Hold hook and line, then all is mine." [4] **faitors:** cheats; impostors. [5] **Hiren:** from George Peele's *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren* (Irene) *the Fair.* [6] **aggravate your choler:** control your temper. [7] **Shall pack-horses . . . a-day:** a garbled rendition of lines from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* Part II. [8] **Cannibals:** Hannibals. [9] **King Cerberus:** Cerberus was the three-headed dog which guarded the entrance to Hades. [10] **fall foul:** fall out. [11] **for toys:** over trifles (dolls). [12] **anon:** soon.

PISTOL.

Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.[1]
Come, give's some sack.
Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento.—[2]
Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:
Give me some sack:—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.
[*Laying down his sword.*
Come we to full points[3] here, and are etceteras nothing?

FALSTAFF.

Pistol, I would be quiet.

PISTOL.

Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:[4] what! we have seen the seven stars.[5]

DOLL TEARSHEET.

For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian[6] rascal.

PISTOL.

Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags? [7]

FALSTAFF.

Quoit[8] him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling:[9] nay, an a' do nothing but speak nothing, a' shall be nothing here.

BARDOLPH.

Come, get you down stairs.

PISTOL.

What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—[10]
[*Snatching up his sword.*
Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!
Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! [11] Come, Atropos,[12] I say!

---

[1] Then feed . . . Calipolis: a burlesque of passages in Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1504). [2] *Si . . . contento*: garbled version of "If fortune torments me, Hope contents me," from *Wits, Fits, Fancies*. [3] **full points**: a full stop. [4] **neif**: fist. [5] **seven stars**: the Pleiades. [6] **fustian**: pretentious. [7] **Galloway nags**: inferior breed of Irish horses. [8] **Quoit**: pitch. [9] **shove-groat shilling**: a cross between shuffleboard and "pitching pennies." [10] **imbrue**: shed blood. [11] **Sisters Three**: the Fates —Clotho, Lachesis, Atropos. [12] **Atropos**: the sister who cut the thread of life.

HOSTESS.

Here's goodly stuff toward! [1]

FALSTAFF.

Give me my rapier, boy.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

FALSTAFF.

Get you down stairs. [*Drawing, and driving* PISTOL *out.*

HOSTESS.

Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear[2] keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits[3] and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. —Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* PISTOL *and* BARDOLPH.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you!

HOSTESS.

Are you not hurt i' th' groin? methought a' made a shrewd [4] thrust at your belly.

Enter BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF.

Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

BARDOLPH.

Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, i' th' shoulder.

FALSTAFF.

A rascal! to brave me!

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! come, let me wipe thy face; come on, you whoreson chops:[5]—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies:[1] ah, villain!

---

[1] **Here's . . . toward:** here's a fine how-de-do in the making.

[2] **forswear:** renounce.

[3] **tirrits:** error for "terrors."

[4] **shrewd:** fierce.

[5] **chops:** fat jaws.

FALSTAFF.

A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Do, an thou darest for thy heart: an thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

Enter MUSICIANS.

PAGE.

The music is come, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Let them play:—play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. [*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I'faith, and thou followdst him like a church.[2] Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,[3] when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining[4] o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?

Enter, behind, PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ *disguised as* DRAWERS.

FALSTAFF.

Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Sirrah, what humour's the prince of?

FALSTAFF.

A good shallow young fellow: a' would have made a good pantler,[5] a' would ha' chipt bread[6] well.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

They say Pointz has a good wit.

---

[1] **the Nine Worthies:** the great legendary heroes—Alexander, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, David, Godfrey, Hector, Joshua, Judas Maccabaeus, King Arthur. [2] **like a church:** i.e., persistently. [3] **Bartholomew boar-pig:** roast pig served at Bartholomew Fair, held in London on St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24). [4] **foining:** thrusting, a pass in fencing. [5] **pantler:** servant in charge of the pantry. [6] **chipt bread:** sliced off the crusts of bread.

FALSTAFF.

He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewkesbury mustard;[1] there's no more conceit[2] in him than is in a mallet.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Why does the prince love him so, then?

FALSTAFF.

Because their legs are both of a bigness; and a' plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;[3] and rides the wild-mare[4] with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools;[5] and swears with a good grace; and wears his boots very smooth like unto the sign of the leg;[6] and breeds no bate[7] with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol[8] faculties a' has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.[9]

PRINCE HENRY.

Would not this nave of a wheel[10] have his ears cut off?

POINTZ.

Let's beat him before his whore.

PRINCE HENRY.

Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.[11]

POINTZ.

Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

FALSTAFF.

Kiss me, Doll.

---

[1] **Tewkesbury mustard:** Tewkesbury, a town not far from Stratford-on-Avon, was famous for its mustard. [2] **conceit:** imagination. [3] **drinks . . . flap-dragons:** flapdragons (snapdragons) was a game in which raisins or grapes were snapped from burning brandy and eaten. [4] **rides the wild-mare:** capers. [5] **joint-stools:** stools made by a joiner. [6] **sign of the leg:** shoemaker's sign. [7] **breeds no bate:** starts no discord. [8] **gambol:** playful. [9] **the weight . . . avoirdupois:** they are equally lightweight. [10] **nave of a wheel:** the block in the center of a wheel from which the spokes radiate. [11] **poll claw'd like a parrot:** Doll is ruffling Falstaff's hair.

PRINCE HENRY.

Saturn and Venus[1] this year in conjunction! what says the almanac to that?

POINTZ.

And, look, whether the fiery Trigon,[2] his man, be not lisping[3] to his master's own tables,[4] his notebook, his counsel-keeper.

FALSTAFF.

Thou dost give me flattering busses.[5]

DOLL TEARSHEET.

By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant[6] heart.

FALSTAFF.

I am old, I am old.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

FALSTAFF.

What stuff wilt have a kirtle[7] of? I shall receive money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I am gone.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return:—well, hearken the end.[8]

FALSTAFF.

Some sack, Francis.

PRINCE HENRY *and* POINTZ.

Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*

FALSTAFF.

Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Pointz his brother?

---

[1] **Saturn and Venus:** old age (Falstaff) and the goddess of love (Doll). [2] **the fiery Trigon:** a triangle formed by the three fiery signs of the Zodiac: Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius; Bardolph. [3] **lisping:** making love. [4] **tables:** account book; i.e., Mistress Quickly. [5] **busses:** kisses. [6] **constant:** faithful. [7] **kirtle:** dress; jacket with outer petticoat. [8] **hearken the end:** time will tell.

PRINCE HENRY.

Why, thou globe of sinful continents,[1] what a life dost thou lead!

FALSTAFF.

A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

PRINCE HENRY.

Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

HOSTESS.

O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

FALSTAFF.

Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,[2]—by this light flesh and corrupt blood,[3] thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon* DOLL TEARSHEET.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

POINTZ.

My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.[4]

PRINCE HENRY.

You whoreson candle-mine,[5] you, how vilely did you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

HOSTESS.

God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

FALSTAFF.

Didst thou hear me?

---

[1] globe of . . . continents: five wicked continents in one, with a play on *contents* and *continence*. [2] mad compound of majesty: insane offspring of royalty. [3] this light flesh and corrupt blood: i.e., Doll. [4] If you . . . heat: if you don't strike while the iron is hot. [5] candle-mine: mine (source) of tallow.

PRINCE HENRY.

Yea; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gadshill:[1] you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

FALSTAFF.

No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

PRINCE HENRY.

I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse;[2] and then I know how to handle you.

FALSTAFF.

No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

PRINCE HENRY.

Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what!

FALSTAFF.

No abuse, Hal!

POINTZ.

No abuse!

FALSTAFF.

No abuse, Ned, i' th' world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, faith, boys, none.

PRINCE HENRY.

See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us.[3] Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is thy boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

---

[1] **Gadshill**: the scene of a robbery participated in by the Prince and Falstaff in Act II, scene ii, Henry IV, Part I.

[2] **wilful abuse**: deliberate insult.

[3] **close with us**: come to terms with us.

POINTZ.

Answer, thou dead elm,[1] answer.

FALSTAFF.

The fiend hath prickt down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy[2]-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms.[3] For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too.

PRINCE HENRY.

For the women?

FALSTAFF.

For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns,[4] poor soul! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

HOSTESS.

No, I warrant you.

FALSTAFF.

No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit[5] for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law;[6] for the which I think thou wilt howl.

HOSTESS.

All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

PRINCE HENRY.

You, gentlewoman,—

DOLL TEARSHEET.

What says your Grace?

---

[1] **dead elm:** rotten old man (elms grow to a great age). [2] **privy:** private. [3] **malt-worms:** ale drinkers. [4] **burns:** is infected. [5] **quit:** acquitted; absolved. [6] **for suffering flesh . . . law:** that is, for serving meat at her inn during the Lenten season.

FALSTAFF.

His grace[1] says that which his flesh rebels against.
[*Knocking within.*

HOSTESS.

Who knocks so loud at door?—Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter PETO.

PRINCE HENRY.

Peto, how now! what news?

PETO.

The king your father is at Westminster;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts[2]
Come from the north: and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

PRINCE HENRY.

By heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,
So idly to profane[3] the precious time;
When tempest of commotion, like the south,[4]
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak.—Falstaff, goodnight.
[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, *and* BARDOLPH.

FALSTAFF.

Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpickt. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the door!

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now! what's the matter?

BARDOLPH.

You must away to court, sir, presently;[5]
A dozen captains stay at door for you.[6]

---

[1] **grace:** spirit of grace.
[2] **posts:** couriers.
[3] **profane:** waste.
[4] **the south:** the south wind which usually brings rain.
[5] **presently:** immediately.
[6] **stay . . . you:** await you at the door.

FALSTAFF [*to the* page].

Pay the musicians, sirrah.—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. —You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches: if I be not sent away post,[1] I will see you again ere I go.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst,—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

FALSTAFF.

Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt* FALSTAFF *and* BARDOLPH.

HOSTESS.

Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time;[2] but an honester and truer-hearted man,—well, fare thee well.

BARDOLPH [*within*].

Mistress Tearsheet!

HOSTESS.

What's the matter?

BARDOLPH [*within*].

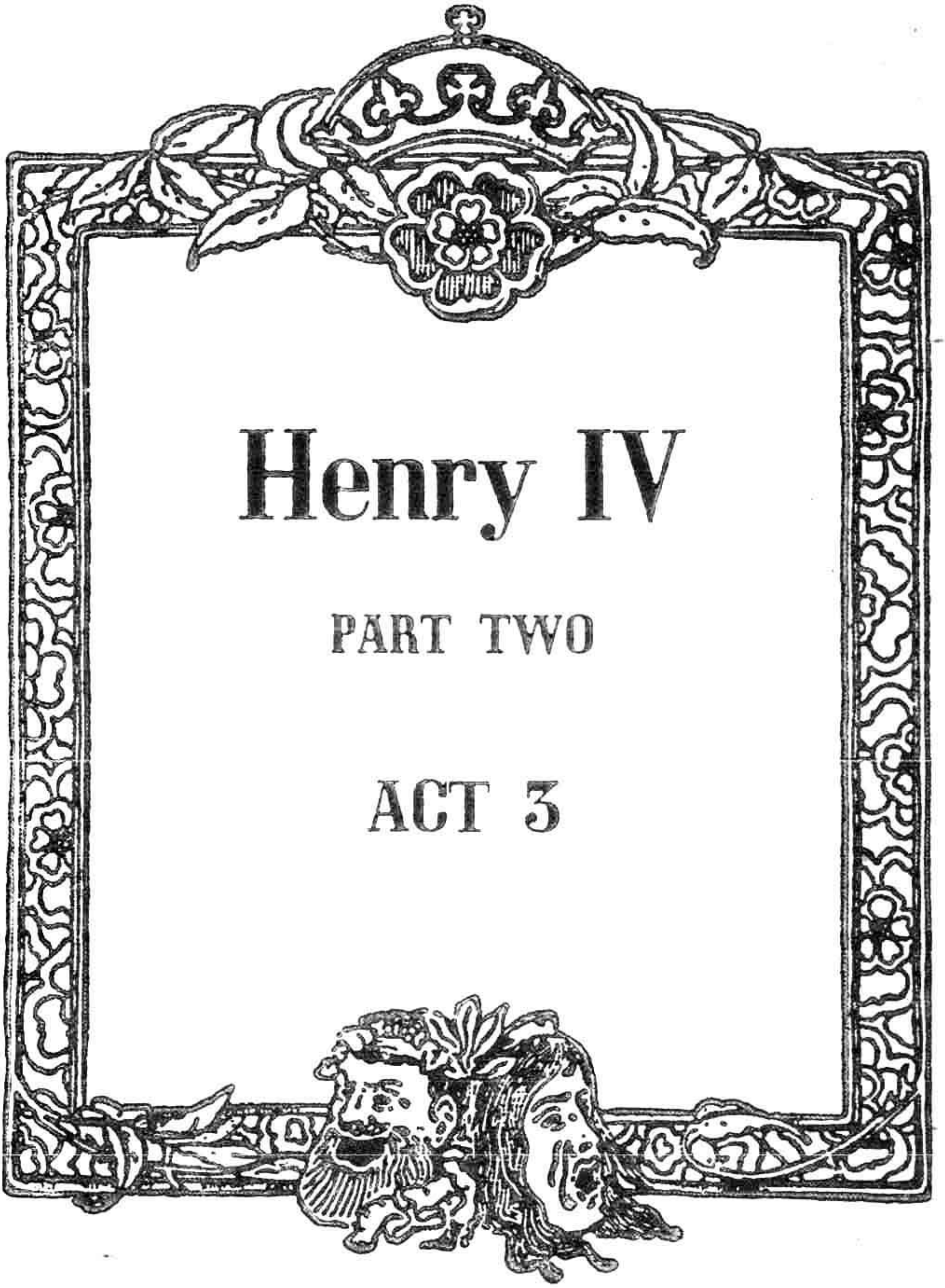
Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

HOSTESS.

O, run, Doll, run; run, good Doll: come [*she comes blubber'd*];[3] yea, will you come, Doll? [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **post:** posthaste; hurriedly.
[2] **peascod-time:** early summer, the season for peas.
[3] ***blubber'd:*** in tears.



Henry IV

PART TWO

ACT 3

ACT III

Henry IV is so beset with anxieties that he calls a council in the dead of night. His advisers convince him that the rebellion will soon be satisfactorily ended. He announces his intention to celebrate peace by making a pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Falstaff reaches Gloucestershire, where, at the house of Justice Shallow, he impresses recruits for the army. Through his lieutenant Bardolph, he gladly accepts bribes from two men who don't want to serve; and he plans to make capital out of Shallow himself on his return journey.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Westminster. A room in the palace.

Enter KING HENRY *in his nightgown,*[1] *with a* PAGE.

KING HENRY.

Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them:[2] make good speed.
[*Exit* PAGE.
How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,[3]
Upon uneasy pallets[4] stretching thee,
And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god,[5] why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case[6] or a common 'larum-bell?[7]
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up[8] the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude[9] imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who[10] take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly,[11] death itself awakes?—
Canst thou, O partial[12] sleep, give thy repose

---

[1] *nightgown*: dressing gown. [2] o'er-read . . . them: read these letters and give them their careful attention. [3] cribs: huts. [4] pallets: makeshift beds of quilts. [5] dull god: Morpheus, god of sleep. [6] watch-case: sentry box. [7] 'larum-bell: bell for changing of the watch. [8] Seal up: seel; sew together (as in falconry). [9] rude: rough. [10] Who: which. [11] hurley: hurly-burly; commotion. [12] partial: i.e., showing favoritism to some.

To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances[1] and means to boot,[2]
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low,[3] lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter WARWICK *and* SURREY.

WARWICK.

Many good morrows to your majesty!

KING HENRY.

Is it good morrow, lords?

WARWICK.

'Tis one o'clock, and past.

KING HENRY.

Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.
Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

WARWICK.

We have, my liege.

KING HENRY.

Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
How foul[4] it is; what rank[5] diseases grow,
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

WARWICK.

It is but as a body yet distemper'd;[6]
Which to his former strength may be restored
With good advice and little medicine:
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

KING HENRY.

O God! that one might read the book of fate,
And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,[7]
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean[8]
Too wide for Neptune's[9] hips; how chances mock,

---

[1] **appliances:** comforts. [2] **and means to boot:** in addition to ways of inducing slumber. [3] **low:** lowly; those of low rank. [4] **foul:** sick. [5] **rank:** infectious. [6] **yet distemper'd:** still ill. [7] **continent:** dry land. [8] **beachy girdle . . . ocean:** seashore. [9] **Neptune:** god of the sea.

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,[1]
What perils past, what crosses[2] to ensue,—
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone
Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars: it is but eight years since
This Percy was the man nearest my soul;
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,
And laid his love and life under my foot;
Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance.[3] But which of you was by—
[*to* WARWICK] You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember—
When Richard,—with his eye brimful of tears,
Then checkt and rated [4] by Northumberland,—
Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy?
'Northumberland, thou ladder by the which
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne,'—
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state,
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss:—
'The time shall come,' thus did he follow it,
'The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption:' [5]—so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition,
And the division of our amity.

WARWICK.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring[6] the nature of the times deceased;

---

[1] through: throughout life. [2] crosses: difficulties. [3] even . . . defiance: openly defied Richard II to his face. [4] checkt and rated: rebuked and berated. [5] 'Northumberland . . . throne' and 'The time . . . corruption': almost direct quotes from *Richard II*, Act V, sc. i. [6] Figuring: symbolizing.

The which observed, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasured.
Such things become the hatch and brood [1] of time;
And, by the necessary form[2] of this,
King Richard might create a perfect guess,
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness;
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

KING HENRY.

Are these things, then, necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities;—
And that same word even now cries out on us:
They say the bishop and Northumberland
Are fifty thousand strong.

WARWICK.

It cannot be, my lord;
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
The powers that you already have sent forth
Shall bring this prize in very easily.
To comfort you the more, I have received
A certain instance[3] that Glendower is dead.
Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill;
And these unseason'd [4] hours perforce must add
Unto your sickness.

KING HENRY.

I will take your counsel:
And were these inward [5] wars once out of hand,
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **hatch and brood:** breeding place.
[2] **necessary form:** logical necessity.
[3] **A certain instance:** reliable proof.
[4] **unseason'd:** unseasonable.
[5] **inward:** internal; domestic.

SCENE II.

Glostershire. Court before JUSTICE SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW *and* SILENCE; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, *and* SERVANTS, *behind.*

SHALLOW.

Come on, come on, come on, sir; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir: an early stirrer, by the rood![1] And how doth my good cousin Silence?

SILENCE.

Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

SHALLOW.

And how doth my good cousin, your bedfellow? [2] and your fairest daughter and mine, my goddaughter Ellen?

SILENCE.

Alas, a black ousel,[3] cousin Shallow!

SHALLOW.

By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

SILENCE.

Indeed, sir, to my cost.

SHALLOW.

A' must, then, to the inns o' court[4] shortly: I was once of[5] Clement's-inn,[6] where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

SILENCE.

You were call'd 'lusty Shallow' then, cousin.

---

[1] **rood:** cross. [2] **bedfellow:** wife. [3] **ousel:** blackbird; hence, brunette. [4] **inns o' court:** inns of court would correspond loosely to our present colleges of law; however, Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, the Inner Temple, and the Middle Temple were voluntary societies. [5] **of:** a student at. [6] **Clement's-inn:** an inn of chancery taking its name from the parish church of St. Clement Danes.

SHALLOW.

By the mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly[1] too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsall[2] man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers[3] in all the inns o' court again: and, I may say to you, we knew where the bona-robas[4] were, and had the best of them all at commandment.[5] Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.

SILENCE.

This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon[6] about soldiers?

SHALLOW.

The same Sir John, the very same. I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a crack[7] not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

SILENCE.

We shall all follow, cousin.

SHALLOW.

Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How[8] a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

SILENCE.

Truly, cousin, I was not there.

---

[1] **roundly**: thoroughly. [2] **Cotsall**: Cotswold. [3] **swinge-bucklers**: swashbucklers. [4] **bona-robas**: showy women. [5] **at commandment**: whenever we wished. [6] **anon**: soon. [7] **crack**: lively lad. [8] **How**: how much is.

SHALLOW.

Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

SILENCE.

Dead, sir.

SHALLOW.

Jesu, Jesu, dead!—a' drew a good bow;—and dead!—a' shot a fine shoot:—John o' Gaunt[1] loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—a' would have clapt i' th' clout at twelve score;[2] and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen[3] and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How[4] a score of ewes now?

SILENCE.

Thereafter as they be:[5] a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

SHALLOW.

And is old Double dead?

SILENCE.

Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH *and one with him.*

BARDOLPH.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

SHALLOW.

I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

BARDOLPH.

My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff,—a tall[6] gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

---

[1] **John o' Gaunt**: John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster and father of Henry IV. [2] **clapt i' th' clout at twelve score**: hit the bull's-eye of the target at 240 yds. [3] **carried . . . fourteen**: shot an arrow straight forward for fourteen score yards—280 yds. [4] **How**: how much is. [5] **as they be**: according to their quality. [6] **tall**: brave, doughty.

SHALLOW.

He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man.[1] How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

BARDOLPH.

Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.[2]

SHALLOW.

It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo:* very good; a good phrase.

BARDOLPH.

Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby a' may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

SHALLOW.

It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand: by my troth, you like well,[3] and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

FALSTAFF.

I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow:—Master Surecard,[4] as I think?

---

[1] **a good backsword** man: to be a good fighter with a backsword (now broad sword).

[2] **better** accommodated . . . wife: better off without a wife (Bardolph is "showing off").

[3] **like well**: look well.

[4] **Surecard**: a name signifying "boon companion."

SHALLOW.

No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission[1] with me.

FALSTAFF.

Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

SILENCE.

Your good worship is welcome.

FALSTAFF.

Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient[2] men?

SHALLOW.

Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

FALSTAFF.

Let me see them, I beseech you.

SHALLOW.

Where's the roll?[3] where's the roll? where's the roll?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so: yea, marry, sir:—Ralph Mouldy!—let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see; where is Mouldy?

MOULDY.

Here, an't please you.

SHALLOW.

What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

FALSTAFF.

Is thy name Mouldy?

MOULDY.

Yea, an't please you.

FALSTAFF.

'Tis the more time thou wert used.

SHALLOW.

Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i'faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good!—in faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

---

[1] in commission: in office.

[2] sufficient: able; fit.

[3] roll: muster.

FALSTAFF [*to* SHALLOW].

Prick him.[1]

MOULDY.

I was prickt well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame[2] will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry[3] and her drudgery: you need not to have prickt me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

FALSTAFF.

Go to:[4] peace, Mouldy; you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.[5]

MOULDY.

Spent!

SHALLOW.

Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For th'other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

FALSTAFF.

Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

SHALLOW.

Where's Shadow?

SHADOW.

Here, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Shadow, whose son art thou?

SHADOW.

My mother's son, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but much[1] of the father's substance!

---

[1] **Prick him:** mark him down.
[2] **dame:** mother.
[3] **husbandry:** farm chores.
[4] **Go to:** enough.
[5] **spent:** gone.

SHALLOW.

Do you like him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF.

Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows[2] to fill up the muster-book.

SHALLOW.

Thomas Wart!

FALSTAFF.

Where's he?

WART.

Here, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Is thy name Wart?

WART.

Yea, sir.

FALSTAFF.

Thou art a very ragged [3] wart.

SHALLOW.

Shall I prick him, Sir John?

FALSTAFF.

It were[4] superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

SHALLOW.

Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it:[5] I commend you well—Francis Feeble!

FEEBLE.

Here, sir.

FALSTAFF.

What trade art thou, Feeble?

---

[1] **much**: not much.

[2] **shadows**: that is, names for which pay is received although the men are not actually in the army.

[3] **ragged**: beggarly.

[4] **were**: would be.

[5] **you can do it**: you are a wit.

FEEBLE.

A woman's tailor,[1] sir.

SHALLOW.

Shall I prick him, sir?

FALSTAFF.

You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'ld ha' prickt you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle[2] as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

FEEBLE.

I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

FALSTAFF.

Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous[3] mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

FEEBLE.

I would Wart might have gone, sir.

FALSTAFF.

I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands:[4] let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

FEEBLE.

It shall suffice, sir.

FALSTAFF.

I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

SHALLOW.

Peter Bullcalf o' th' green!

---

[1] **woman's tailor:** a woman's tailor rates low in Sir John's estimation.

[2] **battle:** army.

[3] **magnanimous:** courageous.

[4] **thousands:** i.e., vermin (lice).

FALSTAFF.
Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

BULLCALF.
Here, sir.

FALSTAFF.
'Fore God, a likely[1] fellow!—Come, prick me Bullcalf[2] till he roar again.

BULLCALF.
O Lord! good my lord captain,—

FALSTAFF.
What, dost thou roar before thou art prickt?

BULLCALF.
O Lord, sir! I am a diseased [3] man.

FALSTAFF.
What disease hast thou?

BULLCALF.
A whoreson cold, sir,—a cough, sir,—which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

FALSTAFF.
Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown;[4] we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order,[5] that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

SHALLOW.
Here is two more call'd than your number; you must have but four here, sir:—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

FALSTAFF.
Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry[6] dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW.
O, Sir John, do you remember since[7] we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field?

---

[1] likely: promising. [2] prick me Bullcalf: mark down Bullcalf for me. [3] diseased: sick. [4] gown: dressing gown. [5] such order: such measures. [6] tarry: stay for. [7] since: when.

FALSTAFF.

No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

SHALLOW.

Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

FALSTAFF.

She lives, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW.

She never could away with[1] me.

FALSTAFF.

Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

SHALLOW.

By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba.[2] Doth she hold her own well?

FALSTAFF.

Old, old, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW.

Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-inn.

SILENCE.

That's fifty-five year ago.

SHALLOW.

Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

FALSTAFF.

We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

---

[1] **away with:** bear; endure.

[2] **bona-roba:** wanton.

SHALLOW.

That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, 'Hem, boys!'[1]—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—Jesus, the days that we have seen!—come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

BULLCALF.

Good master corporate[2] Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings in French crowns[3] for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief[4] be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

BARDOLPH.

Go to; stand aside.

MOULDY.

And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her[5] when I am gone; and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty,[6] sir.

BARDOLPH.

Go to; stand aside.

FEEBLE.

By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death: I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so;[7] an't be not, so: no man's too good to serve's prince; and let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit[8] for the next.

---

[1] 'Hem, boys': convivial cry, meaning, drink up, boys. [2] corporate: corporal. [3] Harry ten shillings in French crowns: the ten-shilling piece, first issued by Henry VII, was worth five shillings in Shakespeare's day, the French crown, four shillings. [4] as lief: as soon. [5] about her: for her. [6] forty: forty shillings (2 pounds). [7] so: it is well. [8] quit: exempt.

BARDOLPH.

Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

FEEBLE.

Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, *and* SILENCE.

FALSTAFF.

Come, sir, which men shall I have?

SHALLOW.

Four of which you please.

BARDOLPH.

Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

FALSTAFF.

Go to; well.

SHALLOW.

Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

FALSTAFF.

Do you choose for me.

SHALLOW.

Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

FALSTAFF.

Mouldy and Bullcalf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it:—I will none of you.[1]

SHALLOW.

Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong: they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

FALSTAFF.

Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews,[2] the stature, bulk, and big assemblance[1] of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: a' shall charge you, and discharge you,[2] with the motion of a pewterer's hammer;[3] come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.[4] And this same half-faced[5] fellow, Shadow,—give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy,—the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver[6] into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

---

[1] **I will none of you:** I will have nothing to do with you.

[2] **thews:** sinews; muscles.

BARDOLPH.

Hold, Wart, traverse;[7] thus, thus, thus.

FALSTAFF.

Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt,[8] bald shot.—Well said,[9] i'faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab:[10] hold, there's a tester[11] for thee.

SHALLOW.

He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,[12]—when I lay at Clement's-inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,[13]—there was a little quiver[14] fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus, and a' would about and about, and come you in and come you in: 'rah, tah, tah,' would a' say; 'bounce' would a' say; and away again would a' go, and again would a' come:—I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

---

[1] assemblance: appearance. [2] **charge you . . . you:** load and fire. [3] **with . . . pewterer's hammer:** that is, quickly and deftly. [4] **swifter . . . bucket:** swifter than men swing filled buckets of beer onto the gibbets (yokes) across their shoulders. [5] **half-faced:** thin-faced. [6] **caliver:** light musket. [7] **traverse:** march. [8] **chapt:** chapped. [9] **Well said:** well done. [10] **scab:** term of contempt. [11] **tester:** sixpence. [12] **Mile-end Green:** playground for drill and sports. [13] **Sir Dagonet . . . show:** exhibition of archery, in which the participants assumed the names of King Arthur's knights. [14] **quiver:** alert; nimble.

FALSTAFF.

These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

SHALLOW.

Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs! God send us peace! As you return, visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure I will with ye to the court.

FALSTAFF.

'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

SHALLOW.

Go to; I have spoke at a word;[1] God keep you.

FALSTAFF.

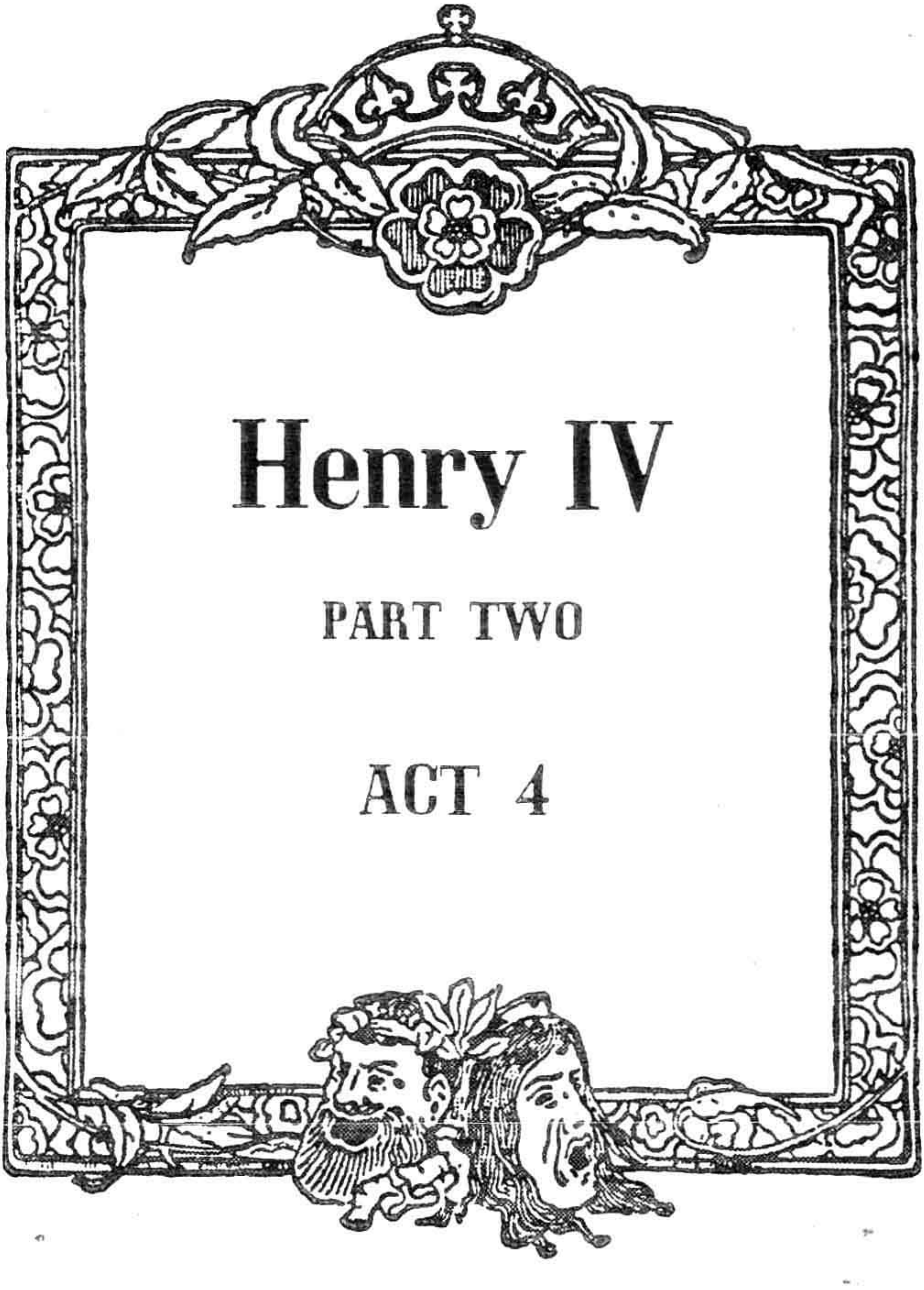
Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt* SHALLOW *and* SILENCE.] On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, RECRUITS, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off[2] these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;[3] and every third word a lie, duer[4] paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute.[5] I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when a' was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forkt radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife; a' was so forlorn,[6] that his dimensions to any thick sight[1] were invisible: a' was the very genius[2] of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him mandrake:[3] a' came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutcht huswives[4] that he heard the carmen[5] whistle, and sware they were his Fancies[6] or his Good-nights.[7] And now is this Vice's dagger[8] become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn a' ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard;[9] and then he burst his head [10] for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy[11] was a mansion for him, a court:—and now has he land and beefs. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones[12] to me: if the young dace[13] be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may[14] snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

---

[1] **at a word:** on my word. [2] **fetch off:** get the better of. [3] **Turnbull-street:** a red-light district in Shakespeare's day. [4] **duer:** more duly. [5] **Turk's tribute:** tribute demanded by the sultan of Turkey for protection of the wayfarer. [6] **forlorn:** thin.

---

[1] **thick sight:** nearsighted person. [2] **genius:** spirit. [3] **mandrake:** the root of a poisonous plant having the appearance of a man's body. [4] **overscutcht huswives:** broken-down hussies. [5] **carmen:** teamsters. [6] **Fancies:** love songs. [7] **Good-nights:** lullabies. [8] **Vice's dagger:** Vice, in the old Morality plays, usually carried a wooden sword. [9] **Tilt-yard:** a place for tournaments in which two horsemen tried to unseat each other. [10] **burst his head:** had his head broken open. [11] **hautboy:** oboe. [12] **philosopher's two stones:** i.e., the stones which could transmute base metals into gold; hence, a source of wealth. [13] **dace:** a small fish. [14] **but I may:** why I may not.



Henry IV

PART TWO

ACT 4

ACT IV

In Gaultree Forest, the Archbishop, Mowbray, and Hastings are invited by Westmoreland to submit their grievances to Prince John. With some misgivings, they meet the Prince, who deceives them into disbanding their troops, then arrests them for high treason. Falstaff, arriving late, has the luck to capture a distinguished prisoner. This does not impress the cool and detached Prince John; but Falstaff gets leave to return home through Gloucestershire.

At Westminster, Henry IV receives the good news of the ending of all parts of the rebellion. But a mortal attack of illness overtakes him, and the heir apparent is summoned. Prince Henry, finding his father asleep, thinks him dead, and takes up the crown. The unraveling of this last misunderstanding leads to a full reconciliation between father and son, and Henry IV retires to die in "the Jerusalem chamber," though not the Holy Land.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Yorkshire. Gaultree Forest.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, *and others.*

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
What is this forest call'd?

HASTINGS.
'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't[1] shall please your Grace.

---

[1] an't: if it.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers[1] forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

HASTINGS.

We have sent forth already.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

'Tis well done.
My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have received
New-dated letters from Northumberland;
Their cold intent, tenour,[2] and substance, thus:—
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality,[3]
The which he could not levy;[4] whereupon
He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive[5] the hazard
And fearful meeting of their opposite.[6]

MOWBRAY.

Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a MESSENGER.

HASTINGS.

Now, what news?

MESSENGER.

West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form[7] comes on the enemy;
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

MOWBRAY.

The just proportion[8] that we gave them out.[9]
Let us sway on,[10] and face them in the field.

---

[1] **discoverers**: scouts. [2] **tenour**: meaning. [3] **Here . . . quality**: he would like to be here with an army that accords with his rank. [4] **levy**: raise. [5] **overlive**: survive. [6] **opposite**: opposition; opponent. [7] **form**: formation. [8] **just proportion**: exact size. [9] **gave them out**: described them. [10] **sway on**: sweep on.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

What well-appointed [1] leader fronts[2] us here?

MOWBRAY.

I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WESTMORELAND.

Health and fair greeting from our general,
The prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace:
What doth concern your coming?

WESTMORELAND.

Then, my lord,
Unto your Grace do I in chief address
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,[3]
Led on by heady[4] youth, guarded [5] with rags,
And countenanced [6] by boys and beggary,—
I say, if damn'd commotion[7] so appear'd,
In his[8] true, native, and most proper shape,
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,
Had not been here, to dress[9] the ugly form
Of base and bloody insurrection
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—
Whose see[10] is by a civil peace maintain'd;
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath toucht;
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;
Whose white investments[11] figure[12] innocence,
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war;

---

[1] **well-appointed:** well-armed. [2] **fronts:** confronts. [3] **routs:** mobs; gangs. [4] **heady:** headstrong. [5] **guarded:** adorned. [6] **countenanced:** supported. [7] **commotion:** riot; rebellion. [8] **his:** its. [9] **dress:** clothe; embellish. [10] **see:** the seat or center of authority of a bishop; in this case, the archbishop's ecclesiastical district. [11] **investments:** vestments. [12] **figure:** symbolize; represent.

Turning your books to greaves,[1] your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine
To a loud trumpet and a point[2] of war?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.
Briefly to this end:—we are all diseased;
And with our surfeiting and wanton[3] hours
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed [4] for it: of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician;[5]
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,
Troop in the throngs of military men;
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,
And purge th'obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life.[6] Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,
And find our griefs[7] heavier than our offences.
We see which way the stream of time doth run,
And are enforced [8] from our most quiet sphere
By the rough torrent of occasion;[9]
And have the summary of all our griefs,
When time shall serve, to show in articles;[10]
Which long ere this we offer'd to the king,
And might by no suit[11] gain our audience:[12]
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,
We are denied access unto his person
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.

---

[1] **greaves**: armor. [2] **point**: trumpet call. [3] **surfeiting and wanton**: self-indulgent and frivolous. [4] **bleed**: as to be bled by a physician. [5] **I take . . . physician**: I do not assume the role of a physician. [6] **To diet . . . life**: to cure by diet and purge this sickness which threatens our very lives. [7] **griefs**: grievances. [8] **enforced**: forced. [9] **of occasion**: of the times. [10] **articles**: schedules of grievances. [11] **suit**: petition. [12] **audience**: hearing.

The dangers of the days but newly gone,
Whose memory is written on the earth
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples
Of every minute's instance,[1] present now,
Have put us in these ill-beseeming[2] arms;
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,
But to establish here a peace indeed,
Concurring both in name and quality.[3]

WESTMORELAND.

When ever yet was your appeal denied?
Wherein have you been galled [4] by the king?
What peer hath been suborn'd [5] to grate on you;[6]—
That you should seal this lawless bloody book[7]
Of forged rebellion[8] with a seal divine,
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge? [9]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

My brother general, the commonwealth,
To brother born an household cruelty,
I make my quarrel in particular.

WESTMORELAND.

There is no need of any such redress;
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

MOWBRAY.

Why not to him in part, and to us all
That feel the bruises of the days before,
And suffer the condition of these times
To lay a heavy and unequal [10] hand
Upon our honours?

WESTMORELAND.

O, my good Lord Mowbray,
Construe[11] the times to[12] their necessities,
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,
And not the king, that doth you injuries.

---

[1] **Of every minute's instance:** of which each moment gives us new instances. [2] **ill-beseeming:** unbecoming. [3] **Concurring . . . quality:** that is, it will be a peace not only in name but in actuality. [4] **galled:** injured. [5] **suborn'd:** secretly procured. [6] **grate on you:** harass or annoy you. [7] **book:** document. [8] **forged rebellion:** contrived grievances. [9] **bitter edge:** sharp sword. [10] **unequal:** unjust. [11] **Construe:** analyze. [12] **to:** according to.

Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,
Either from the king, or in the present time,
That you should have an inch of any ground
To build a grief on: were you not restored
To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,[1]
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

MOWBRAY.

What thing, in honour, had my father lost,
That need to be revived and breathed [2] in me?
The king, that loved him, as the state stood then,
Was, force perforce,[3] compell'd to banish him:
And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he—
Being mounted and both roused [4] in their seats,
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,
Their armed staves in charge,[5] their beavers[6] down,
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights[7] of steel,
And the loud trumpet blowing them together,—
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,
O, when the king did throw his warder[8] down,
His own life hung upon the staff he threw:
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives
That by indictment[9] and by dint of sword
Have since miscarried [10] under Bolingbroke.

WESTMORELAND.

You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.
The Earl of Hereford [11] was reputed then
In England the most valiant gentleman:
Who knows on whom fortune would then have smiled?

---

[1] **signiories:** estates. [2] **breathed:** given the breath of life. [3] **force perforce:** forced by necessity; willy-nilly. [4] **roused:** raised. [5] **armed staves in charge:** lances poised for the charge. [6] **beavers:** movable face guards of the helmets. [7] **sights:** slits for the eyes. [8] **warder:** staff of command, to signal the beginning and end of a charge. [9] **indictment:** legal accusation. [10] **miscarried:** died. [11] **Earl of Hereford:** Henry IV's former title.

But if your father had been victor there,
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry:[1]
For all the country, in a general voice,
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and love
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,
And blest and graced [2] indeed, more than the king.
But this is mere digression from my purpose.—
Here come I from our princely general
To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace
That he will give you audience; and wherein
It shall appear that your demands are just,
You shall enjoy them,—every thing set off [3]
That might so much as think you enemies.

MOWBRAY.

But he hath forced us to compel this offer;
And it proceeds from policy,[4] not love.

WESTMORELAND.

Mowbray, you overween[5] to take it so;
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear:
For, lo! within a ken[6] our army lies;
Upon mine honour, all too confident
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names[7] than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;
Then reason will [8] our hearts should be as good:
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

MOWBRAY.

Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

WESTMORELAND.

That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

---

[1] **He . . . Coventry:** he would never have got out of Coventry (the site of the contest) alive. [2] **graced:** favored. [3] **set off:** forgotten. [4] **policy:** political expediency. [5] **overween:** are arrogant; overconfident. [6] **within a ken:** within seeing distance (20 miles). [7] **names:** noble names. [8] **reason will:** that is, reason will tell you.

HASTINGS.

Hath the Prince John a full commission,
In very ample virtue[1] of his father,
To hear and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

WESTMORELAND.

That is intended [2] in the general's name:
I muse[3] you make so slight a question.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redrest,
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinew'd [4] to this action,
Acquitted [5] by a true substantial form
And present execution of our wills
To us and to our purposes consign'd,—
We come within our awful banks again,[6]
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

WESTMORELAND.

This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
In sight of both our battles we may meet;
And either end in peace,—which God so frame! [7]—
Or to the place of difference[8] call the swords
Which must decide it.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.

MOWBRAY.

There is a thing within my bosom tells me
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

---

[1] **In . . . virtue:** with the complete authority. [2] **intended:** implied. [3] **muse:** wonder; marvel. [4] **insinew'd:** joined together as with sinews. [5] **Acquitted:** satisfied. [6] **We come . . . again:** we again return to the limits of obedience (to the king); **awful:** reverential. [7] **frame:** fashion. [8] **place of difference:** battleground.

HASTINGS.
Fear you not that: if we can make our peace
Upon such large[1] terms and so absolute
As our conditions shall consist upon,
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

MOWBRAY.
Yea, but our valuation[2] shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle,[3] nice,[4] and wanton[5] reason
Shall to the king taste of [6] this action;
That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.[7]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.
No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picking[8] grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;[9]
And therefore will he wipe his tables[10] clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history[11] his loss
To new remembrance: for full well he knows
He cannot so precisely[12] weed this land
As his misdoubts present occasion:[13]
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolved correction[14] in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

---

[1] **large:** generous. [2] **our valuation:** that is, the King's estimation of us. [3] **idle:** foolish. [4] **nice:** trivial. [5] **wanton:** frivolous. [6] **taste of:** smack of. [7] **partition:** separation. [8] **of dainty and such picking:** of such finicky. [9] **heirs of life:** living heirs. [10] **tables:** records. [11] **history:** record. [12] **precisely:** entirely. [13] **misdoubts . . . occasion:** suspicions show cause. [14] **hangs resolved correction:** stays the chastisement which has been decided on.

HASTINGS.

Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement:
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
May offer,[1] but not hold.[2]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

'Tis very true:
And therefore be assured, my good lord marshal,
If we do now make our atonement[3] well,
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
Grow stronger for the breaking.

MOWBRAY.

Be it so.
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

WESTMORELAND.

The prince is here at hand: pleaseth your lordship
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.[4]

MOWBRAY.

Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Before,[5] and greet his Grace:—my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **offer**: threaten.

[2] **not hold**: not carry through.

[3] **atonement**: reconciliation.

[4] **just distance 'tween our armies**: at an equal distance between our two forces.

[5] **Before**: go ahead.

SCENE II.

Another part of the forest.

Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, *the* ARCHBISHOP, HASTINGS, *and others; from the other side,* PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, OFFICERS, *and* ATTENDANTS.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray:—
Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop;—
And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,
Encircled you to hear with reverence
Your exposition on the holy text,
Than now to see you here an iron man,[1]
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,
Turning the word [2] to sword, and life to death.
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
Would he[3] abuse the countenance[4] of the king,
Alack, what mischiefs might be set abroach,[5]
In shadow[6] of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,
It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,
How deep you were within the books of God?
To us the speaker in his parliament;
To us th' imagined voice of God himself;
The very opener and intelligencer[7]
Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven
And our dull workings.[8] O, who shall believe,
But you misuse the reverence of your place,

---

[1] **it better . . . man:** you showed up better as a bishop than as the leader of an insurrection; **iron man:** man in armor. [2] **the word:** the word of God. [3] **Would he:** were he to. [4] **countenance:** favor; patronage. [5] **set abroach:** set in motion; literally, to tap a cask of wine. [6] **In shadow:** under the cloak of patronage. [7] **opener and intelligencer:** reporter and interpreter. [8] **workings:** mental processes (consciences).

Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,
As a false favourite doth his prince's name,
In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,[1]
Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
The subjects of his substitute,[2] my father,
And both against the peace of heaven and him
Have here up-swarm'd them.[3]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Good my Lord of Lancaster,
I am not here against your father's peace;
But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
The time misorder'd [4] doth, in common sense,
Crowd us and crush[5] us to this monstrous[6] form,
To hold our safety up.[7] I sent your Grace
The parcels[8] and particulars of our grief,[9]—
The which hath been with scorn shoved from the court,—
Whereon this Hydra[10] son of war is born;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires,
And true obedience, of this madness cured,
Stoop tamely[11] to the foot of majesty.

MOWBRAY.

If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

HASTINGS.

And though we here fall down,
We have supplies[12] to second our attempt:
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success[13] of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whiles England shall have generation.[14]

---

[1] **ta'en up:** taken up; enlisted. [2] **substitute:** agent; deputy. [3] **up-swarm'd them:** raised them in swarms. [4] **the time misorder'd:** the disordered times. [5] **crush:** impel. [6] **monstrous:** unnatural. [7] **To hold . . . up:** to protect our own safety. [8] **parcels:** separate items. [9] **grief:** grievance. [10] **Hydra:** many-headed. [11] **Stoop tamely:** bow in submission. [12] **supplies:** reinforcements. [13] **success:** succession. [14] **generation:** offspring.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of[1] the after-times.[2]

WESTMORELAND.

Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,
How far-forth[3] you do like their articles.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I like them all, and do allow them well;[4]
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;[5]
And some about him have too lavishly[6]
Wrested [7] his meaning and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redrest;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers[8] unto their several counties,
As we will ours: and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home[9]
Of our restored love and amity.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

I take your princely word for these redresses.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I give it you, and will maintain my word:
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace. [*Drinks.*

HASTINGS [*to an* OFFICER].

Go, captain, and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part:[10]
I know it will well please them. Hie thee,[11] captain.
[*Exit* OFFICER.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. [*Drinks.*

---

[1] **sound the bottom of:** fathom. [2] **after-times:** times to come. [3] **how far-forth:** how far; to what extent. [4] **allow them well:** accept them as satisfactory. [5] **mistook:** misunderstood. [6] **lavishly:** freely. [7] **Wrested:** twisted (distorted). [8] **powers:** forces; followers. [9] **bear those tokens home:** carry home a report of our amicable agreement (reconciliation). [10] **part:** depart. [11] **Hie thee:** go quickly.

WESTMORELAND.

I pledge your Grace [*Drinks*]; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd [1] to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely: but my love to ye
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

I do not doubt you.

WESTMORELAND.

I am glad of it.—
Health[2] to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.
[*Drinks.*

MOWBRAY.

You wish me health in very happy season;
For I am, on the sudden,[3] something[4] ill.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Against[5] ill chances[6] men are ever merry;
But heaviness[7] foreruns the good event.

WESTMORELAND.

Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, 'Some good thing comes tomorrow.'

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Believe me, I am passing[8] light in spirit.

MOWBRAY.

So much the worse, if your own rule be true.
[*Shouts within.*

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

The word of peace is render'd.[9] hark, how they shout!

MOWBRAY.

This had been[10] cheerful after victory.

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

A peace is of the nature of a conquest;
For then both parties nobly are subdued,
And neither party loser.

---

[1] **bestow'd:** gone to. [2] **Health:** good health. [3] **on the sudden:** suddenly. [4] **something:** somewhat. [5] **Against:** when about to face. [6] **ill chances:** misfortunes. [7] **heaviness:** a feeling of depression. [8] **passing:** exceedingly. [9] **is render'd:** has been passed on to them. [10] **had been:** would have been.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Go, my lord,
And let our army be discharged too.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains
March by us, that we may peruse[1] the men
We should have coped withal.[2]

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Go, good Lord Hastings,
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.
[*Exit* HASTINGS.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still? [3]

WESTMORELAND.

The leaders, having charge[4] from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

They know their duties.

Enter HASTINGS.

HASTINGS.

My lord, our army is dispersed already:
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses
East, west, north, south; or, like a school broke up,
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.[5]

WESTMORELAND.

Good tidings, my Lord Hastings; for the which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—
Of capital treason I attach[6] you both.

---

[1] **peruse:** look over; inspect.
[2] **coped withal:** met (encountered) in battle.
[3] **wherefore stands our army still:** why does our army stand still.
[4] **charge:** orders.
[5] **sporting-place:** playground.
[6] **attach:** seize; arrest.

MOWBRAY.

Is this proceeding just and honourable?

WESTMORELAND.

Is your assembly so?

ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

Will you thus break your faith!

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I pawn'd thee none:[1]
I promised you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain; which by mine honour,
I will perform with a most Christian care.
But for you, rebels,—look to taste the due
Meet[2] for rebellion and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly[3] did you these arms commence,
Fondly[4] brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—[5]
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;[6]
God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,[7]
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the forest.

Alarums: excursions. Enter FALSTAFF *and* COLEVILE, *meeting.*

FALSTAFF.

What's your name, sir? of what condition[8] are you, and of what place, I pray?

COLEVILLE.

I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.[9]

---

[1] **pawn'd thee none**: pledged you nothing. [2] **Meet**: fitting. [3] **shallowly**: thoughtlessly. [4] **Fondly**: foolishly. [5] **sent hence**: disbanded. [6] **stray**: stragglers. [7] **block of death**: beheading block. [8] **condition**: rank. [9] **dale**: valley.

FALSTAFF.

Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

COLEVILE.

Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

FALSTAFF.

As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you?[1] If I do sweat, they are the drops[2] of thy lovers,[3] and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance[4] to my mercy.

COLEVILE.

I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought yield me.

FALSTAFF.

I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name.[5] An I had but a belly of any indifferency,[6] I were[7] simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb,[8] my womb, my womb, undoes me.—Here comes our general.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, *and others.*

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

The heat[9] is past; follow no further now:—
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.
[*Exit* WESTMORELAND.
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:

---

[1] **sweat for you:** subdue you (kill you). [2] **drops:** tears. [3] **thy lovers:** those who love you. [4] **do observance:** show respectful attention. [5] **I have . . . name:** that is, Falstaff is well known for his immense size, which announces him wherever he goes. [6] **indifferency:** moderate size. [7] **were:** would be. [8] **womb:** belly. [9] **heat:** i.e., of pursuit.

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

FALSTAFF.

I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition[1] of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have founder'd[2] nine-score and odd posts:[3] and here, travel-tainted[4] as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome[5]—I came, saw, and overcame.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

FALSTAFF.

I know not:—here he is, and here I yield him: and I beseech your Grace, let it be bookt[6] with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular[7] ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt twopences[8] to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element,[9] which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

---

[1] **expedition:** speed. [2] **founder'd:** made lame. [3] **posts:** post horses. [4] **travel-tainted:** travel-stained. [5] **hook-nosed fellow of Rome:** Julius Caesar, with his "Veni, vidi, vici." [6] **bookt:** recorded. [7] **particular:** personal. [8] **gilt twopences:** silver coins gilded to appear as gold ones; hence, glittering objects of little value. [9] **cinders . . . element:** stars in the sky.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Thine's too heavy to mount.

FALSTAFF.

Let it shine, then.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Thine's too thick[1] to shine.

FALSTAFF.

Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Is thy name Colevile?

COLEVILE.

It is, my lord.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

FALSTAFF.

And a famous true subject took him.

COLEVILE.

I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer[2] than you have.

FALSTAFF.

I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Now, have you left pursuit?

WESTMORELAND.

Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.[3]

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present[4] execution:—

---

[1] **thick:** dim-sighted (with a pun on Falstaff's girth).

[2] **dearer:** at more cost.

[3] **execution stay'd:** the slaughter stopped.

[4] **present:** immediate.

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.
[*Exeunt* BLUNT *and others with* COLEVILE.
And now dispatch we[1] toward the court, my lords:
I hear the king my father is sore[2] sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;
And we with sober[3] speed will follow you.

FALSTAFF.

My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
Through Glostershire: and, when you come to court,
Stand my good lord,[4] pray, in your good report.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,[5]
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.
[*Exeunt all except* FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF.

I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never none of these demure boys come to any proof;[6] for thin drink[7] doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness;[8] and then, when they marry, they get wenches;[9] they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation.[10] A good sherris-sack[11] hath a twofold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy[12] vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive,[1] quick, forgetive,[2] full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver[3] white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme: it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits[4] muster me[5] all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puft up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage: and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,[6] till sack commences it,[7] and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded,[8] and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first humane principle I would teach them should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

---

[1] **dispatch we**: let us set out. [2] **sore**: critically. [3] **sober**: moderate. [4] **Stand my good lord**: play the role of my kind patron. [5] **condition**: official capacity. [6] **come . . . proof**: stand the test of time; turn out well. [7] **thin drink**: weak beer. [8] **green-sickness**: an anemia affecting adolescent girls. [9] **get wenches**: beget girl children. [10] **inflammation**: the warming effect of wine. [11] **sherris-sack**: sherry wine from Jerez (formerly Xerez), Spain. [12] **crudy**: curdled.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph!

BARDOLPH.

The army is discharged all, and gone.

---

[1] **apprehensive:** perceptive. [2] **forgetive:** inventive. [3] **liver:** supposedly the seat of courage. [4] **vital . . . spirits:** animal spirits. [5] **muster me:** report for duty. [6] **hoard of gold . . . devil:** an allusion to the old belief that gold mines were guarded by devils. [7] **commences it:** sets it to circulating. [8] **husbanded:** cultivated.

FALSTAFF.

Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him.[1] Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.

Enter the KING, THOMAS DUKE OF CLARENCE, HUMPHREY OF GLOSTER, WARWICK, *and others.*

KING HENRY.

Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addrest,[2] our power[3] collected,
Our substitutes in absence[4] well invested,[5]
And every thing lies level to[6] our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

WARWICK.

Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

KING HENRY.

Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

GLOSTER.

I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

KING HENRY.

And how accompanied?

---

[1] **tempering . . . him:** an allusion to the common practice of softening sealing wax for letters; i.e., softening Shallow for Falstaff's own purposes. [2] **addrest:** prepared. [3] **power:** army. [4] **in absence:** during our absence. [5] **invested:** invested with authority to act. [6] **lies level to:** is in accordance with.

GLOSTER.

I do not know, my lord.

KING HENRY.

Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

GLOSTER.

No, my good lord; he is in presence[1] here.

CLARENCE.

What would my lord and father?

KING HENRY.

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit[2] him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:[3]
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;
As humorous[4] as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.[5]
His temper, therefore, must be well observed.
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When you perceive his blood [6] inclined to mirth;

---

[1] **in presence:** in the Court. [2] **omit:** neglect. [3] **observed:** humored; shown the proper respect. [4] **humorous:** capricious. [5] **flaws congealed . . . day:** blades of ice seen around the edges of ponds on winter mornings. [6] **blood:** temper; mood.

But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound[1] themselves with working.[2] Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends;
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.[3]

CLARENCE.

I shall observe him with all care and love.

KING HENRY.

Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

CLARENCE.

He is not there to-day; he dines in London.

KING HENRY.

And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

CLARENCE.

With Pointz, and other his continual[4] followers.

KING HENRY.

Most subject is the fattest[5] soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them: therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death:
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,
In forms imaginary, th'unguided days
And rotten[6] times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot[7] hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners[8] meet together,

---

[1] **Confound:** exhaust; destroy. [2] **working:** thrashing about. [3] **A hoop . . . gunpowder:** the gist of this is that if Thomas will be the hoop to hold his brothers (the staves) together, the cask filled with their blood will never leak even though it is besieged by dangers that work with the strength of aconitum (poison) and volatile gunpowder. [4] **continual:** constant. [5] **fattest:** most fertile. [6] **rotten:** corrupt. [7] **riot:** disorderly behavior. [8] **means . . . manners:** opportunity and unrestrained ways.

O, with what wings shall his affections[1] fly
Towards fronting[2] peril and opposed decay! [3]

WARWICK.

My gracious lord, you look beyond [4] him quite:
The prince but studies his companions,
Like a strange tongue; wherein, to gain[5] the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be lookt upon and learn'd; which once attain'd
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,[6]
The prince will, in the perfectness of time,
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern[7] or a measure live,
By which his grace must mete[8] the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

KING HENRY.

'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.[9]

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

WESTMORELAND.

Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive every where:
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,
With every course in his particular. [*Giving packet.*

---

[1] **affections:** inclinations. [2] **fronting:** confronting. [3] **opposed decay:** ruin from an enemy that is only waiting to pounce and destroy. [4] **look beyond:** misjudge. [5] **to gain:** to learn. [6] **gross terms:** vulgar words. [7] **pattern:** example. [8] **mete:** measure. [9] **'Tis . . . carrion:** that is, bees rarely leave the comb they have built in a dead carcass.

KING HENRY.

O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch[1] of winter sings
The lifting-up of day.—Look, here's more news.

Enter HARCOURT.

HARCOURT.

From enemies heaven keep your majesty;
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the shrieve[2] of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.[3]
[*Giving packet.*

KING HENRY.

And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—[4] such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Falls back.*

GLOSTER.

Comfort, your majesty!

CLARENCE.

O my royal father!

---

[1] **in the haunch**: at the end.

[2] **shrieve**: sheriff.

[3] **at large**: in full.

[4] **stomach**: appetite.

WESTMORELAND.

My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.[1]

WARWICK.

Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.[2]
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

CLARENCE.

No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs:
Th'incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure,[3] that should confine it in,
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

GLOSTER.

The people fear me;[4] for they do observe
Unfather'd [5] heirs and loathly[6] births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as[7] the year
Had found some months asleep, and leapt them over.

CLARENCE.

The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire, Edward,[8] sick'd [9] and died.

WARWICK.

Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

GLOSTER.

This apoplex will certain be his end

KING HENRY.

I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They lay the* KING *on a bed in an inner room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;

---

[1] **look up:** take heart. [2] **ordinary:** common. [3] **wrought the mure:** worn down the wall. [4] **fear me:** make me fearful. [5] **Unfather'd:** unnaturally produced. [6] **loathly:** loathsome (abnormal). [7] **as:** as if. [8] **great-grandsire, Edward:** Edward III. [9] **sick'd:** sickened.

Unless some dull[1] and favourable[2] hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

WARWICK.

Call for the music in the other room.

KING HENRY.

Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

CLARENCE.

His eye is hollow,[3] and he changes much.

WARWICK.

Less noise, less noise!

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.

Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

CLARENCE.

I am here, brother, full of heaviness.[4]

PRINCE HENRY.

How now! rain within doors, and none abroad![5]
How doth the king?

GLOSTER.

Exceeding ill.

PRINCE HENRY.

Heard he
The good news yet? tell it him.

GLOSTER.

He alter'd much
Upon the hearing it.

PRINCE HENRY.

If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without physic.[6]

WARWICK.

Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is disposed to sleep.

---

[1] **dull:** soothing. [2] **favorable:** obliging. [3] **hollow:** sunken. [4] **heaviness:** sorrow. [5] **rain within doors and none abroad:** in other words, why does everyone look so gloomy. [6] **physic:** medicine.

CLARENCE.

Let us withdraw into the other room.

WARWICK.

Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

PRINCE HENRY.

No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[*Exeunt all except* PRINCE HENRY.
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polisht perturbation![1] golden care!
That keep'st the ports[2] of slumber open wide
To many a watchful[3] night!—sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggen[4] bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety.[5] By his gates of breath[6]
There lies a downy feather which stirs not:
Did he suspire,[7] that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden rigol[8] hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,[9]
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,[10]
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which God shall guard and put the world's whole strength

---

[1] **perturbation:** cause of worry. [2] **ports:** gates. [3] **watchful:** wakeful; sleepless. [4] **biggen:** nightcap. [5] **scalds with safety:** burns even as it protects. [6] **gates of breath:** nostrils. [7] **suspire:** breathe. [8] **rigol:** circle (crown). [9] **heavy sorrows of the blood:** deep sorrow. [10] **immediate . . . blood:** as next in line of succession.

Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour[1] from me: this from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

KING HENRY.

Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

CLARENCE.

Doth the king call?

WARWICK.

What would your majesty? how fares your Grace?

KING HENRY.

Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

CLARENCE.

We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

KING HENRY.

The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him: He is not here.

WARWICK.

This door is open; he is gone this way.

GLOSTER.

He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

KING HENRY.

Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

WARWICK.

When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

KING HENRY.

The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither[2]
[*Exit* WARWICK.

---

[1] **lineal honour:** honor descending in a direct line by right of birth.
[2] **chide him hither:** compel him (by scolding) to come to me.

This part[1] of his conjoins[2] with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought,[3] their brains with care,
Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and piled up
The canker'd [4] heaps of strange-achieved [5] gold;
For this they have been thoughtful to invest[6]
Their sons with arts[7] and martial exercises:
When, like the bee, culling from every flower
The virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packt with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.[8]

Enter WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined [9] me?

WARWICK.

My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly[10] tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but[11] blood,
Would, by beholding him, have washt his knife
With gentle eye-drops.[12] He is coming hither.

KING HENRY.

But wherefore[13] did he take away the crown?

---

[1] **part:** act. [2] **conjoins:** joins. [3] **thought:** anxiety. [4] **canker'd:** tarnished; corroded. [5] **strange-achieved:** either ill-gotten or gained in foreign lands. [6] **invest:** equip. [7] **arts:** learning; skills. [8] **This . . . father:** this hoarding now brings a bitter taste to the dying father. [9] **determined:** ended. [10] **kindly:** natural. [11] **but:** anything but. [12] **eye-drops:** tears. [13] **wherefore:** why.

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt all except* KING HENRY *and* PRINCE HENRY.

PRINCE HENRY.
I never thought to hear you speak again.

KING HENRY.
Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:[1]
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with my honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind [2]
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stoln that which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up[3] my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted [4] on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me[5] half an hour?
Then, get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

---

[1] **Thy wish . . . thought**: a proverbial saying.
[2] **so weak a wind**: such weak breathing.
[3] **seal'd up**: fully confirmed.
[4] **whetted**: sharpened.
[5] **forbear me**: bear with me.

Be drops of balm[1] to sanctify thy head:
Only compound [2] me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:[3]—
Harry the Fifth is crown'd:—up, vanity! [4]
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines,[5] purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more;
England shall double-gild his treble guilt,—
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in[6] every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows! [7]
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care? [8]
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

PRINCE HENRY.

O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears, [*Kneeling.*
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear[9] and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally

---

[1] **balm:** i.e., the sacred anointing oil used in the coronation of kings. [2] **compound:** mix; combine. [3] **form:** ceremony; order. [4] **vanity:** folly. [5] **confines:** countries. [6] **flesh his tooth in:** taste the flesh of. [7] **civil blows:** internal strife. [8] **care . . . care:** concern. [9] **dear:** severe.

Long guard it yours! If I affect[1] it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience[2] rise,—
Which my most inward true and duteous spirit
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending!
God witness with me, when I here came in, [*Rising.*
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! If I do feign,[3]
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show th'incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending[4]
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable;[5]
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it—as with an enemy
That had before my face murder'd my father—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain[6] of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

---

[1] **affect:** aspire to. [2] **obedience:** obeisance. [3] **feign:** put on an act. [4] **The care on thee depending:** the worries connected with you. [5] **medicine potable:** gold in solution was believed to be helpful in many ailments. [6] **strain:** excess.

Did with the least affection of[1] a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,—
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal[2] is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

KING HENRY.

O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it!
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest[3] counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect[4] crookt[5] ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion,[6] better confirmation;[7]
For all the soil[8] of the achievement[9] goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me
But as an honour snatcht with boisterous[10] hand;
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace: all these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument:[11] and now my death
Changes the mode;[12] for what in me was purchased,[13]
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland[14] wear'st successively.[15]
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,

---

[1] **affection of:** inclination toward. [2] **vassal:** subject; slave. [3] **latest:** last. [4] **indirect:** devious. [5] **crookt:** crooked; dishonest. [6] **opinion:** reputation. [7] **confirmation:** approval. [8] **soil:** stain. [9] **the achievement:** i.e., gaining the crown. [10] **boisterous:** violent. [11] **argument:** plot. [12] **mode:** mood; the key in which music is written. [13] **purchased:** acquired at great cost. [14] **garland:** crown. [15] **successively:** by right of succession.

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;[1]
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell [2] working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I well might lodge[3] a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy[4] minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,[5]
May waste[6] the memory of the former days.
More would I,[7] but my lungs are wasted so
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

PRINCE HENRY.

My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

KING HENRY.

Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WARWICK, LORDS, *and others.*

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!

KING HENRY.

Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;

---

[1] **griefs are green:** grievances are fresh (in the people's minds).
[2] **fell:** fierce.
[3] **lodge:** harbor.
[4] **giddy:** unreliable.
[5] **hence borne out:** carried out in other (foreign) lands.
[6] **waste:** eat away. [7] **would I:** would I say.

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period.[1]—
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

PRINCE HENRY.

My Lord of Warwick!

KING HENRY.

Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

WARWICK.

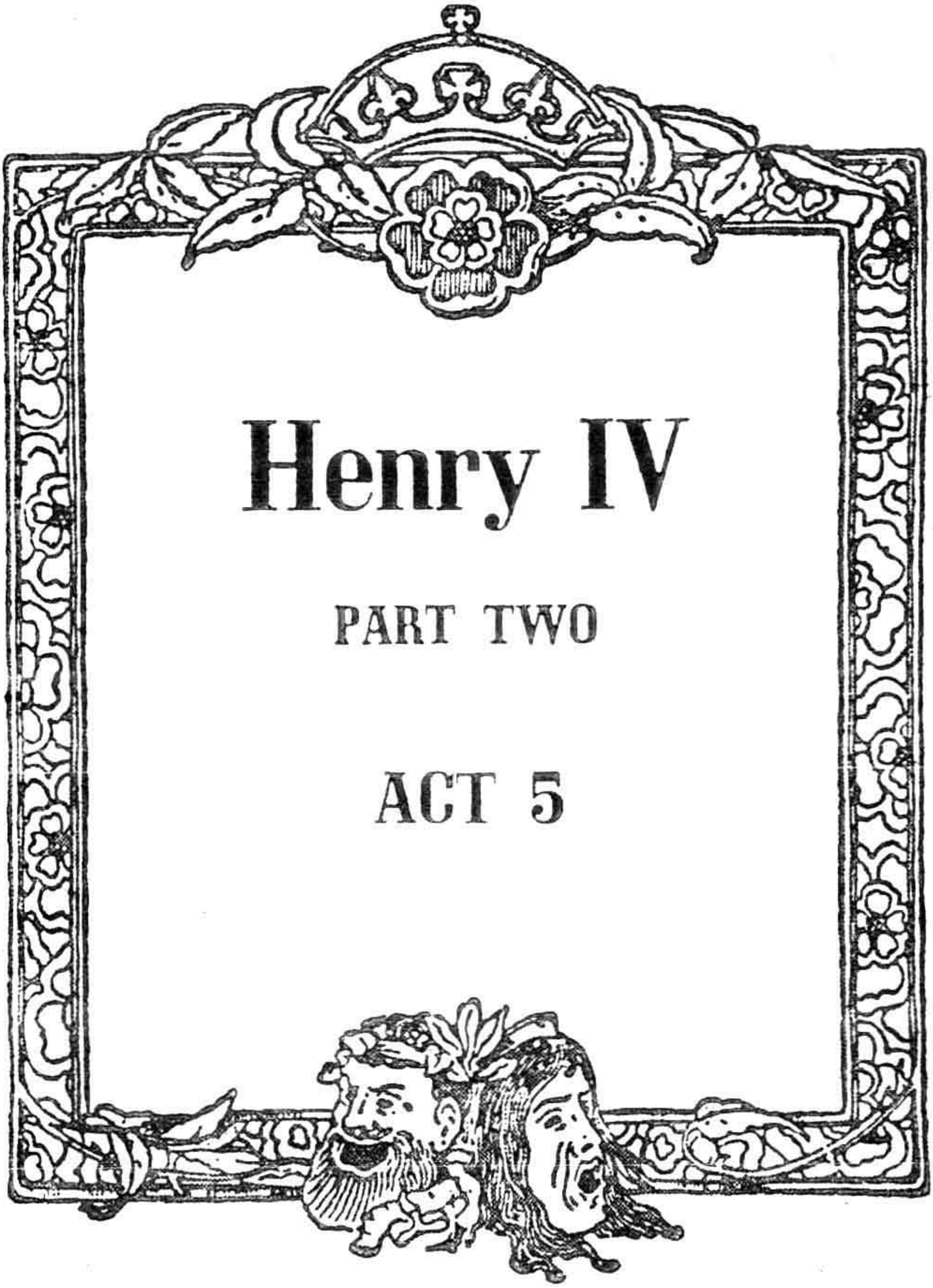
'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

KING HENRY.

Laud [2] be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **period:** complete stop.
[2] **Laud:** praise.



Henry IV

PART TWO

ACT 5

ACT V and the EPILOGUE

FALSTAFF is back in Gloucestershire, observing how the man Davy manipulates his master Shallow, when Henry V succeeds to the throne. Henry's brothers and the counselors of Henry IV expect their own, and especially the Lord Chief Justice's, disfavour now that the riotous Prince is sovereign. But Harry immediately shows his reform by reaffirming the authority of the Chief Justice.

Pistol brings Falstaff the news of Henry's accession, and Falstaff rushes to London, taking with him Shallow, who has lent him a thousand pounds. Doll Tearsheet is arrested in connection with some murders; Falstaff is confident that his word will secure her release. But the King publicly repudiates Falstaff, and banishes him from his presence. Falstaff is left bewildered and incredulous, unlike his rueful hangers-on. The summoning of Parliament and the prospect of an invasion of France by the new King close the play.

The Epilogue gives notice of some contents of the play on Henry V to come, "with Sir John in it."

ACT V. SCENE I.

Glostershire. SHALLOW'S *house.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

SHALLOW.

By cock and pie,[1] sir, you shall not away to-night.—What Davy, I say!

FALSTAFF.

You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

SHALLOW.

I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

---

[1] **By cock and pie:** an obscure oath, though *By cock* is probably by God, and *pie* is from the name for the Ecclesiastical rules of the Roman Catholic Church before the Reformation.

Enter DAVY.

DAVY.

Here, sir.

SHALLOW.

Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY.

Marry, sir, thus; those precepts[1] cannot be served: and again, sir,—shall we sow the headland [2] with wheat?

SHALLOW.

With red wheat,[3] Davy. But for William cook:—are there no young pigeons?

DAVY.

Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

SHALLOW.

Let it be cast,[4] and paid.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

DAVY.

Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

SHALLOW.

A' shall answer it.[5]—Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kick-shaws,[6] tell William cook.

DAVY.

Doth the man of war[7] stay all night, sir?

---

[1] **precepts:** writs; summonses. [2] **headland:** strip of unplowed land, usually near a fence. [3] **red wheat:** late wheat. [4] **cast:** added up; reckoned. [5] **answer it:** pay for it. [6] **kickshaws:** fancy dishes. [7] **man of war:** soldier (Falstaff).

SHALLOW.

Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i'th' court[1] is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

DAVY.

No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

SHALLOW.

Well conceited,[2] Davy:—about thy business, Davy.

DAVY.

I beseech you, sir, to countenance[3] William Visor of Woncot[4] against Clement Perkes o'th' hill.

SHALLOW.

There is many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant[5] knave, on[6] my knowledge.

DAVY.

I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out[7] a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

SHALLOW.

Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about,[8] Davy. [*Exit* DAVY.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

---

[1] **i'th' court**: at Court. [2] **Well conceited**: well conceived; very clever. [3] **countenance**: show favor to. [4] **Woncot**: Woodmancote, in Gloucestershire. [5] **arrant**: out-and-out. [6] **on**: to. [7] **bear out**: support; back up. [8] **Look about**: go about your duties.

BARDOLPH.

I am glad to see your worship.

SHALLOW.

I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph:—[*to the* PAGE] and welcome, my tall fellow.—Come, Sir John.

FALSTAFF.

I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [*Exit* SHALLOW.] Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH *and* PAGE.] If I were saw'd into quantities,[1] I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves[2] as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence[3] of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society,[4] that they flock together in consent,[5] like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near[6] their master: if to his men, I would curry[7] with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing[8] or ignorant carriage[9] is caught,[10] as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions,—which is four terms,[11] or two actions,[12]—and a' shall laugh without *intervallums*.[13] O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad [1] brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! [2] O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up! [3]

---

[1] **quantities:** pieces. [2] **staves:** staffs. [3] **semblance coherence:** close resemblance. [4] **so married . . . society:** so united because of their constant and lengthy association. [5] **consent:** agreement. [6] **near:** in the confidence of. [7] **curry:** curry favor. [8] **bearing:** behavior. [9] **ignorant carriage:** rude behavior. [10] **caught:** contagious. [11] **four terms:** the four legal terms: Hilary term, Easter term, Trinity term, and Michaelmas term. [12] **actions:** lawsuits. [13] **without** ***intervallums:*** without stopping.

SHALLOW [*within*].

Sir John!

FALSTAFF.

I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Westminster. The palace.

Enter WARWICK *and the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, *meeting.*

WARWICK.

How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

How doth the king?

WARWICK.

Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I hope, not dead.

WARWICK.

He's walkt the way of nature;
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I would his majesty had call'd me with him:
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

WARWICK.

Indeed I think the young king loves you not.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I know he doth not; and do arm myself

---

[1] **sad**: solemn.
[2] **the ache in his shoulders**: muscle pain from hard labor.
[3] **ill laid up**: carelessly put away; hence, wrinkled.

To welcome the condition of the time;
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.[1]

WARWICK.

Here come the heavy issue[2] of dead Harry:
O, that the living Harry had the temper
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail [3] to spirits of vile sort!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

O God, I fear all will be overturn'd!

Enter JOHN OF LANCASTER, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE.

Good morrow, cousin.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

WARWICK.

We do remember; but our argument[4]
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

GLOSTER.

O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow,—it is sure your own.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

Though no man be assured what grace[5] to find,
You stand in coldest[6] expectation:

---

[1] **fantasy:** imagination.
[2] **heavy issue:** sorrowful sons.
[3] **strike sail:** show submission (as a ship lowers its sails).
[4] **argument:** subject of conversation.
[5] **grace:** favor (from Henry V).
[6] **coldest:** the least favorable.

I am the sorrier; would 'twere otherwise.

CLARENCE.

Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;
Which swims against your stream of quality.[1]

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,
Led by th'impartial conduct of my soul;
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged [2] and forestall'd remission.[3]
If truth and upright innocency fail me,
I'll to the king my master that is dead,
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

WARWICK.

Here comes the prince.

Enter KING HENRY THE FIFTH, *attended.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Good morrow; and God save your majesty!

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear:
This is the English, not the Turkish court;
Not Amurath[4] an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you:
Sorrow so royally in you appears,
That I will deeply put the fashion on,
And wear it in my heart: why, then, be sad;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assured,
I'll be your father and your brother too;
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares:

---

[1] **Which . . . quality:** who does not fit in with your present high position.

[2] **ragged:** beggarly.

[3] **forestall'd remission:** a pardon that is sure to be denied.

[4] **Amurath:** Amurath the Fourth, a turkish sultan who invited his brothers to his coronation dinner and had them all strangled.

Yet weep that Harry's dead; and so will I;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,
By number, into hours of happiness.

CLARENCE, PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* GLOSTER.

We hope no other from your majesty.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

You all look strangely on me:—and you most;
[*To the* CHIEF JUSTICE.
You are, I think, assured I love you not.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I am assured, if I be measured[1] rightly,
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

No!
How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate,[2] rebuke, and roughly send to prison
Th'immediate heir of England? Was this easy?[3]
May this be washt in Lethe[4] and forgotten?

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I then did use the person of your father;[5]
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th'administration of his law,
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the king whom I presented,[6]
And struck me in my very seat of judgement;
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,[7]

---

[1] **measured:** judged. [2] **rate:** berate; scold. [3] **easy:** a small matter. [4] **Lethe:** the river of forgetfulness in Hades; oblivion. [5] **use the person of your father:** make use of my position as the personal representative of your father. [6] **presented:** represented. [7] **garland:** crown.

To have a son set your decrees at naught,
To pluck down justice from your awful[1] bench,
To trip[2] the course of law, and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person;
Nay, more, to spurn at[3] your most royal image,
And mock your workings in a second body.[4]
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
Be now the father, and propose[5] a son;
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,
See your most dreadful[6] laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;
And then imagine me taking your part,
And, in your power, soft silencing your son:
After this cold considerance,[7] sentence me;
And, as you are a king, speak in your state[8]
What I have done that misbecame my place,
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

You are right, justice, and you weigh this well;
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.[9]
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words:
'Happy am I, that have a man so bold
That dares do justice on my proper[10] son;
And not less happy, having such a son
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice.'—You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand
Th'unstained sword that you have used[11] to bear;
With this remembrance,[12]—that you use the same

---

[1] **awful:** awe-inspiring. [2] **trip:** defeat. [3] **spurn at:** show contempt for. [4] **second body:** deputy. [5] **propose:** imagine. [6] **dreadful:** that is, inspiring awe or reverence. [7] **cold considerance:** cool (unbiased) consideration. [8] **in your state:** as a king. [9] **balance and the sword:** emblems of justice; *balance:* scales. [10] **proper:** own. [11] **have used:** are accustomed. [12] **remembrance:** reminder.

With the like[1] bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth:
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
And I will stoop and humble my intents
To your well-practised wise directions.—
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you;—
My father is gone wild into his grave,[2]
For in his tomb lie my affections;
And with his spirit sadly[3] I survive,
To mock the expectation of the world,
To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
Rotten opinion,[4] who hath writ me down
After my seeming.[5] The tide of blood in me
Hath proudly flow'd in vanity[6] till now:
Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,
Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,[7]
And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
Now call we our high court of parliament:
And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
That the great body of our state may go
In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;
That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
As things acquainted and familiar to us;
In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
Our coronation done, we will accite,[8]
As I before remember'd,[9] all our state:[10]
And, God consigning to[11] my good intents,
No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
God shorten Harry's happy life one day! [*Exeunt.*

---

[1] **like**: same. [2] **gone wild . . . grave**: that is, the Prince's former wildness has been buried with his father. [3] **sadly**: soberly. [4] **Rotten opinion**: the general opinion that I am unsound (corrupt). [5] **After my seeming**: for what I appeared to be. [6] **vanity**: frivolity. [7] **state of floods**: the majestic ocean. [8] **accite**: call together. [9] **remember'd**: mentioned. [10] **all our state**: that is, the Lords, Bishops, and Commons that make up Parliament. [11] **consigning to**: confirming.

Scene III.

Glostershire. SHALLOW'S *orchard.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, *the* PAGE, *and* DAVY.

SHALLOW.

Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin[1] of my own graffing,[2] with a dish of caraways,[3] and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

FALSTAFF.

'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

SHALLOW.

Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread,[4] Davy: well said,[5] Davy.

FALSTAFF.

This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.[6]

SHALLOW.

A good varlet,[7] a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

SILENCE.

Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,[8]—we shall [*Singing.*

Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year;
When flesh[9] is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there
So merrily,
And ever among[10] so merrily.

---

[1] pippin: apple. [2] graffing: grafting. [3] caraways: cakes or sweetmeats made with caraway seeds. [4] Spread: set the table. [5] well said: well done. [6] husband: husbandman; farm manager. [7] varlet: servant. [8] quoth-a: says he. [9] flesh: meat. [10] ever among: all the while; continually.

FALSTAFF.

There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence,
I'll give you a health for that anon.

SHALLOW.

Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

DAVY.

Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon;[1] most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit.—Proface![2] What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear;[3]—the heart's all.[4] [*Exit.*

SHALLOW.

Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and, my little soldier there, be merry.

SILENCE [*singing*].

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.[5]
Be merry, be merry.

FALSTAFF.

I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.[6]

SILENCE.

Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

Enter DAVY.

DAVY.

There's a dish of leather-coats[7] for you.
[*Setting them before* BARDOLPH.

SHALLOW.

Davy,—

---

[1] anon: at once. [2] Proface: Italian "*pro vi faccia*"—may it do you good. [3] you must bear: you must bear with us. [4] the heart's all: our intentions are good. [5] Shrove-tide: the three days before Ash Wednesday. [6] mettle: spirit. [7] leather-coats: golden russet apples, which have a tough skin.

DAVY.

Your worship?—[*to* BARDOLPH] I'll be with you straight.—A cup of wine, sir?

SILENCE [*singing*].

A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;[1]
And a merry heart lives long-a.

FALSTAFF.

Well said, Master Silence.

SILENCE.

And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet o' th' night.

FALSTAFF.

Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

SILENCE [*singing*].

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

SHALLOW.

Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—[*to the* PAGE] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too.—I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes[2] about London.

DAVY.

I hope to see London once ere I die.

BARDOLPH.

An I might see you there, Davy,—

SHALLOW.

By the mass, you'll crack[3] a quart together,—ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

BARDOLPH.

Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.[4]

SHALLOW.

By God's liggens,[5] I thank thee:—the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: a' will not out;[1] he is true bred.

---

[1] **the leman mine:** my sweetheart.
[2] **cavaleroes:** cavaliers; gallants.
[3] **crack:** open and drink.
[4] **pottle-pot:** two-quart tankard.
[5] **By God's liggens:** probably an original oath with Shallow.

BARDOLPH.

And I'll stick by him, sir.

SHALLOW.

Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking within.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit* DAVY.

FALSTAFF.

Why, now you have done me right.[2]

[*To* SILENCE, *who has drunk a bumper.*

SILENCE [*singing*].

Do me right,
And dub me knight:
Samingo.[3]

Is't not so?

FALSTAFF.

'Tis so.

SILENCE.

Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Enter DAVY.

DAVY.

An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

FALSTAFF.

From the court! let him come in.

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol!

PISTOL.

Sir John, God save you!

FALSTAFF.

What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

---

[1] **a' will not out:** he will not back out.
[2] **done me right:** swapped drink for drink with me.
[3] **Samingo:** St. Domingo, the patron saint of drinkers.

PISTOL.

Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

SILENCE.

By'r lady, I think a' be, but[1] goodman[2] Puff of Barson.[3]

PISTOL.

Puff!
Puff in thy teeth, most recreant[4] coward base!—
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,
And golden times, and happy news of price.

FALSTAFF.

I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

PISTOL.

A foutre[5] for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

FALSTAFF.

O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?
Let King Cophetua[6] know the truth thereof.

SILENCE [*singing*].

And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.

PISTOL.

Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? [7]
And shall good news be baffled? [8]
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' [9] lap.

SHALLOW.

Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.[10]

PISTOL.

Why, then, lament therefore.

---

[1] **but:** except for. [2] **goodman:** a title beneath the rank of gentleman; a yeoman who owns his own land. [3] **Barson:** Barston, in Warwickshire. [4] **recreant:** cowardly; traitorous. [5] **foutre:** an expression of contempt. [6] **King Cophetua:** King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid (from an old ballad). [7] **Helicons:** Mount Helicon was the home of the Muses. [8] **baffled:** disregarded. [9] **Furies:** the Furies were three goddesses who punished the crimes of those who defied public justice. [10] **breeding:** origin.

SHALLOW.

Give me pardon, sir:—if, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two ways,—either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

PISTOL.

Under which king, Besonian?[1] speak, or die.

SHALLOW.

Under King Harry.

PISTOL.

Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

SHALLOW.

Harry the Fourth.

PISTOL.

A foutre for thine office!—
Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,[2] like
The bragging Spaniard.

FALSTAFF.

What, is the old king dead?

PISTOL.

As nail in door: the things I speak are just.[3]

FALSTAFF.

Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

BARDOLPH.

O joyful day!—
I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

PISTOL.

What, I do bring good news?

---

[1] **Besonian:** bezonian; beggarly fellow.

[2] **fig me:** an insulting gesture imported from Spain.

[3] **just:** true.

FALSTAFF.

Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am fortune's steward.[1] Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph! [*Exit* BARDOLPH.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow! I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

PISTOL.

Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!
'Where is the life that late I led?' [2] say they:
Why, here it is;—welcome this pleasant day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. A street.

Enter HOSTESS QUICKLY, DOLL TEARSHEET, *and* BEADLES.[3]

HOSTESS.

No, thou arrant knave: I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

FIRST BEADLE.

The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer[4] enough, I warrant her: there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.[5]

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Nut-hook,[6] nut-hook, you lie. Come on; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged[1] rascal, an[2] the child I go with do miscarry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced[3] villain.

---

[1] **fortune's steward:** that is, he is able to do as he likes with fortune's possessions. [2] **'Where is the life that late I led'**: quotation from a ballad, which is also used in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV, i. [3] **BEADLES:** Sheriff's officers. [4] **whipping cheer:** whipping fare. [5] **about her:** over her. [6] **Nut-hook:** catchpole; a hooked stick for pulling down the limbs of nut trees; hence, a person who grabs.

HOSTESS.

O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry!

FIRST BEADLE.

If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions[4] again; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,[5] I will have you as soundly swinged[6] for this,—you blue-bottle[7] rogue, you filthy famisht correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.[8]

FIRST BEADLE.

Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

HOSTESS.

O God, that right should thus overcome might!
Well, of sufferance comes ease.[9]

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

HOSTESS.

Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Goodman death, goodman bones!

HOSTESS.

Thou atomy,[10] thou!

---

[1] **triple-visaged:** a pale, rough-textured face. [2] **an:** if. [3] **paper-faced:** white-faced. [4] **a dozen of cushions:** Doll is stuffed to appear pregnant. [5] **thin man . . . censer:** a figure embossed on an incense burner. [6] **swinged:** whipped. [7] **blue-bottle:** nickname for a man in a dark-blue uniform. [8] **half-kirtles:** petticoats. [9] **of sufferance . . . ease:** out of suffering comes peace. [10] **atomy:** anatomy (skeleton).

DOLL TEARSHEET.

Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal.

FIRST BEADLE.

Very well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A public place near Westminster Abbey.

Enter two GROOMS, *strewing rushes.*[1]

FIRST GROOM.

More rushes, more rushes.

SECOND GROOM.

The trumpets have sounded twice.

FIRST GROOM.

'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, *and* PAGE.

FALSTAFF.

Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace:[2] I will leer upon him[3] as a' comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

PISTOL.

God bless thy lungs, good knight.

FALSTAFF.

Come here, Pistol; stand behind me!—[*to* SHALLOW] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries,[4] I would have bestow'd[5] the thousand pound I borrow'd of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him;—

SHALLOW.

It doth so.

---

[1] ***rushes:*** rushes were used in place of carpets; in this case, they are being strewn on the street in front of Westminster Abbey.

[2] **grace:** favor.

[3] **leer upon him:** grin at him.

[4] **to have made new liveries:** to have suitable clothing made.

[5] **bestow'd:** spent.

FALSTAFF.

It shows my earnestness of affection,—

SHALLOW.

It doth so.

FALSTAFF.

My devotion,—

SHALLOW.

It doth, it doth, it doth.

FALSTAFF.

As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me,[1]—

SHALLOW.

It is best, certain.

FALSTAFF.

But to stand stain'd with travel, and sweating with desire to see him; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

PISTOL.

'Tis *semper idem*,[2] for *obsque hoc nihil est:*[3] 'tis all [4] in every part.

SHALLOW.

'Tis so, indeed.

PISTOL.

My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen[5] of thy noble thoughts,
Is in base durance[6] and contagious prison;
Haled [7] thither
By most mechanical [8] and dirty hand:—
Rouse up revenge from ebon[9] den with fell [10] Alecto's[11] snake,

---

[1] shift me: change my shirt. [2] *semper idem:* always the same. [3] *obsque hoc nihil est:* without this there is nothing. [4] all: perfect. [5] Helen: the ideal mistress. [6] durance: imprisonment. [7] Haled: dragged. [8] mechanical: vulgar; common. [9] ebon: dark. [10] fell: fierce. [11] Alecto: one of the three furies, whose heads were wreathed with serpents.

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks naught but truth.

FALSTAFF.

I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*

PISTOL.

There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING *and his* TRAIN, *the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *among them.*

FALSTAFF.

God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal Hal!

PISTOL.

The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame! [1]

FALSTAFF.

God save thee, my sweet boy!

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

My lord chief justice, speak to that vain[2] man.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

FALSTAFF.

My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,
So surfeit-swell'd,[3] so old, and so profane;
But, being awaked, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body hence,[4] and more thy grace;[5]
Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men.—
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:

---

[1] **imp of fame**: scion (offshoot) of a famous house.
[2] **vain**: foolish.
[3] **surfeit-swell'd**: swollen from overeating.
[4] **hence**: henceforward.
[5] **grace**: virtue.

Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life[1] I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil:[2]
And, as[3] we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenour[4] of our word.—
Set on. [*Exeunt* KING *and his* TRAIN.

FALSTAFF.

Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

SHALLOW.

Yea, marry, Sir John; which I beseech you to let me have[5] home with me.

FALSTAFF.

That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this; I shall be sent for in private to him: look you, he must seem thus to the world: fear not your advancements; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

SHALLOW.

I cannot well perceive how,—unless you should give me your doublet,[6] and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good

---

[1] **competence of life:** money to live on.
[2] **enforce you not to evil:** does not force you into evil ways.
[3] **as:** when.
[4] **tenour:** purpose.
[5] **have:** take.
[6] **doublet:** close-fitting jacket.

Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

FALSTAFF.

Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that you heard was but a colour.[1]

SHALLOW.

A colour[2] that I fear you will die in, Sir John.

FALSTAFF.

Fear no colours: go with me to dinner:—come, Lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph:—I shall be sent for soon at night.[3]

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, *the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, OFFICERS, *&c.*

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet;[4]
Take all his company along with him.

FALSTAFF.

My lord, my lord,—

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.—
Take them away.

PISTOL.

Si fortuna me tormenta, spero contenta.[5]

[*Exeunt all but* PRINCE JOHN *and* CHIEF JUSTICE.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I like this fair proceeding of the king's:
He hath intent his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banisht till their conversations[6]
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

And so they are.

---

[1] colour: pretense.
[2] colour: collar (hangman's noose).
[3] soon at night: early tonight.
[4] Fleet: Fleet Prison in London.
[5] *Si . . . contenta: see* II, iv.
[6] conversations: habits.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

He hath.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER.

I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,
We bear our civil swords[1] and native fire
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the king.
Come, will you hence? [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by a DANCER.

First my fear; then my court'sy; last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure; my court'sy, my duty; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I meant, indeed, to pay you with this; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break,[2] and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some,[3] and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

---

[1] **civil swords:** swords used heretofore in internal strife.

[2] **break:** go bankrupt.

[3] **bate me some:** subtract something from my debt to you.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me,[1] will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so would I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already a' be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen.[2]

---

[1] **acquit me:** release me from my old debt.

[2] **to pray for the queen:** it was the custom in Shakespeare's day to end plays with a prayer for the sovereign, just as it is the custom now to play "God Save the King" before and after a performance in the theater.

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